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MEMOIRS AND ESSAYS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL MORALS.

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BY MRS. JAMESON,

AUTHOR OF

"THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN," "MEMOIRS OF FEMALE SOVEREIGNS,"
"WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES,"
ETC. ETC.

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What if the little rain should say—
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty plain—
I'll tarry in the sky?"

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!—

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower!
And every ray of light, to warm
And beautify the flower!

ANON.

I.

THE HOUSE OF TITIAN.

Doch iſt der Menſch
Nicht Künſtler blos, auch Menſch; die Menſchlichkeit
Schön zu entwickeln Freund, auch das iſt Kunſt!

ŒLENSCHLÄGER.

For the Painter
Is not the Painter only, but the man;
And to unfold the human into beauty,
That also is art.

THE HOUSE OF TITIAN.

VENICE, Sept. 1845.

IF I were required to sum up in two great names whatever the art of painting had contemplated and achieved of highest and best, I would invoke RAPHAEL and TITIAN. The former as the most perfect example of all that has been accomplished in the expression of thought through the medium of form: the latter, of all that has been accomplished in the expression of life through the medium of colour. Hence it is that, while *both* have given us mind, and *both* have given us beauty, *Mind* is ever the characteristic of Raphael—*Beauty*, that of Titian.

Considered under this point of view, these wonderful men remain to us as representatives of the two great departments of art. All who went before them, and all who follow after them, may be ranged under the banners of one or the other of

these great kings and leaders. Under the banners of Raphael appear the majestic thinkers in art, the Florentine and Roman painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and Albert Durer, in Germany. Ranged on the side of Titian appear the Venetian, the Lombard, the Spanish and Flemish masters. When a school of art arose which aimed at uniting the characteristics of both, what was the result? A something second-hand and neutral,—the school of the Academicians and the *Mannerists*, a crowd of painters, who neither felt what they saw, nor saw what they felt; who trusted neither to the God within them, nor the nature around them; and who ended by giving us Form without Soul,—Beauty without Life.

I once heard it said, by a celebrated connoisseur of the present day, "that there were but three inventors or originators in modern art,—Giorgione, Correggio, and Rembrandt. Each of these broke up a new path for himself; they were *inventors*, inasmuch as they saw nature truly, yet under an aspect which had never before been rendered through the medium of art. Raphael had the antique, and Titian had Giorgione, as precursors and models." This is true; and yet to impugn the originality of Raphael and Titian, is like impugning

the originality of Shakespeare. They, like him, did not hesitate to use, as means, the materials presented to them by the minds of others. They, like him, had minds of such universal and unequalled capacity, that all other originalities seem to be swallowed up—comprehended, as it were, in theirs. How much, in point of frame-work and material, Shakespeare adopted, unhesitatingly, from the play-wrights of his time, is sufficiently known: how frankly Raphael borrowed a figure from one of his contemporaries, or a group from the Antique, is notorious to all who have studied his works.

I know that there are critics who look upon Raphael as having *secularised*, and Titian as having *sensualised* art: I know it has become a fashion to prefer an old Florentine or Umbrian Madonna to Raphael's Galatea; and an old German hard-visaged, wooden-limbed saint to Titian's Venus. Under one point of view, I quite agree with the critics alluded to. Such preference commands our approbation and our sympathy, if we look to the height of the aim proposed, rather than to the completeness of the performance, as such. But *here* I am not considering art with reference to its aims

or its associations, religious or classic; nor with reference to individual tastes, whether they lean to piety or poetry, to the real or the ideal; nor as the reflection of any prevailing mode of belief or existence; but simply as ART, as the *Muta Poesis*, the interpreter between nature and man; giving back to us her forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and, at the same time, clothing them with a high significance derived from the human purpose and the human intellect.

If, for instance, we are to consider painting as purely religious, we must go back to the infancy of modern art, when the expression of sentiment was all in all, and the expression of life in action nothing;—when, reversing the aim of Greek art, the limbs and form were defective, while character, as it is shown in physiognomy, was delicately felt, and truly rendered. And if, on the other hand, we are to consider art merely as perfect imitation, we must go to the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. Art is only perfection when it fills us with the idea of perfection; when we are not called on to supply deficiencies, or to set limits to our demands; and this lifting up of the heart and soul, this fulness of satisfaction and delight, we find in the works of

Raphael and Titian. In this only alike—in all else, how different! Different as were the men themselves—the antipodes of each other!

In another place, I might be tempted to pursue the comparison, or rather contrast, between these two worshippers and high-priests of the Beautiful, in all other respects so unlike—working, as one might say, under a different dispensation. But Raphael, elsewhere the God of my idolatry, seems *here*—at Venice—to have become to me like a distant star, and the system of which he is the amazing central orb or planet, for awhile removed and comparatively dim; while Titian reigns at hand, the present Deity, the bright informing sun of this enchanted world, this sea-girt city, where light, and colour, and beauty are, "wherever we look, wherever we move." In Venice, I see everywhere Titian; as in his pictures, I see, or rather I *feel*, Venice: not the mere external features of the locality, not the *material* Venice—buildings, churches, canals—but a spirit which is no where else on earth to be perceived, felt, or understood, but here! Here, where we float about as in a waking dream—here, where all is at once so old and so new—so familiar and so wonderful—so fresh to the

fancy, and so intimate to the memory! These palaces, with their arabesque façades and carved balconies, and portals green with sea-weed; and these tall towering belfries, and these black gliding gondolas, have we not seen them a thousand and a thousand times reproduced to fancy, in pictures vivid and real as themselves? And yet, every time we come upon them, though it were ten times in an hour, do we not feel inclined to clap our hands, and exclaim aloud, like delighted children when the curtain draws up at their first play? O! to make children of us again, nothing like Venice!

And so it is with Titian's pictures: *they* make children of us again; they surprise us with the feeling of a presence; they melt us with a familiar sympathy; we rejoice in them as we do in music, in spring-tide, in the fresh air and morning breath of flowers. It is long before we can bring the intellect to bear on them, for the faculties of judgment and comparison are lost in the perception of beauty, in admiration, in faith unbounded. In them we acknowledge *that* "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." And where but at Venice could Titian have lived and worked? I know not well how or why it is, but colour, which seems else-

where an accidental property of things, seems to be here a substance, an existence, a part of one's very life and soul:—colour vivid and intense, broken by reflected lights flung from glancing waters, and enhanced by strange contrasts of wide-spread sunny seas, and close-shut shadowy court-yards, overgrown with vines, or roses, or creeping verdure in all the luxury of neglect, each with its well and overhanging fig-tree in the midst. These court-yards, haunts of quiet seclusion and mystery, in which I should think is concentred the Venetian idea of a *home*—how few who visit Venice know of their cool, silent, picturesque recesses! Yet to understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly,—its *cortili* as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendour of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of the fulness of life; which we feel alike in Titian's pictures, and in Venice.

And then his men and women,—his subtle, dark,

keen-eyed, grand-looking men; and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lido; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundance, plaited, knotted, looped round the small elegant heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight,—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich-haired St. Catherines and St. Barbaras, one would have imagined them as even now walked out of their pictures,—or rather walked *into* them,—for the pictures were yet more like *life* than the *life* like pictures.

And with regard to the Venetian women: every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar colour of the hair, of every golden tint from a rich full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue,—or rather not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms, or on their heads, in great, shining, twisted heaps. I have sometimes heard it asked with wonder, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true "*biondina*" tint, could have been

always natural? On the contrary, it was oftener artificial—the colour, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma and Giorgione yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural colour by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony, of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat without a crown: the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever, or a *coup de soleil*, is a wonder;—and truly of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know none more strange than this, unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new *natural* complexion. I have been speaking here of the people; but any one who has looked up at a Venetian lady standing on her balcony, in the evening light, or peeping out from the window of her gondola, must be struck at once with the resemblance in colour and countenance to the

pictures he has just seen in churches and galleries. We may also contrast in the Venetian portraits the plain black habits of the men (the only exception being the crimson robes of the Procuradori di San Marco), with the splendid dresses and jewels of the women, to whom, apparently, the sumptuary laws did not extend; and still you see their love of ornaments, and of gay, decided, bright colours, which no where else appear so bright as at Venice.

I am acquainted with an English artist, who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England; but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own.

But it is not merely the brightness and purity of the atmosphere—elsewhere in Italy as pure and as bright—it is still more the particular mode of existence at Venice, which has rendered the per-

ception of colours in masses so great a source of pleasure, while it has become a leading characteristic in Venetian art. There is a most interesting note appended to the translation of "Goëthe's Theory of Colours," which exemplifies, and, in some sort, explains this relation between the circumstances of the locality, and the peculiar sentiment of the painters as regards the treatment of colour. The translator (Mr. Eastlake), after some general remarks on various systems of colouring in various schools, thus continues:—"The colour of general nature may be observed in all places, with almost equal convenience; but with regard to an important quality in living nature, namely, the colour of the flesh, perhaps there are no circumstances, in which its effects at different distances can be so conveniently compared, as when the observer and the observed gradually approach and glide past each other on so smooth an element, and in so undisturbed a manner, as on the canals, and in the gondolas at Venice; the complexions, from the peculiar mellow carnations of the Italian women to the sun-burnt features and limbs of the mariners, presenting at the same time the fullest variety in another sense. At a certain distance—

the colour being always assumed to be unimpaired by interposed atmosphere—the reflections appear kindled to intenser warmth, the fiery glow of Giorgione is strikingly apparent, the colour is seen in its largest relation. The *macchia*, an expression used so emphatically by Italian writers (*i. e.* the local colour), appears in all its quantity; and the reflections being the focus of warmth, the hue seems to deepen in shade." As the gondola floats towards us, "a nearer view gives the detail of cooler tints more perceptibly, and the forms are more distinct. Hence Lanzi is quite correct when, in distinguishing the style of Titian from that of Giorgione, he says, that Titian's was at once more defined and less fiery; in a still nearer observation the eye detects the minute lights which Leonardo da Vinci says were incompatible with the effects we have just been describing, and which, accordingly, we never find in Titian and Giorgione." —"In assuming that the Venetian painters may have acquired a taste for this breadth of colour under the circumstances alluded to, it is moreover to be remembered, that the time for this agreeable study was the evening; when the sun had already set behind the hills of Bassano; when the light

was glowing but diffused; when the shadows were soft—conditions all agreeing with the character of their colouring; above all, when the hour invited the fairer portion of the population to betake themselves in their gondolas to the Lagunes."

It results from this, that what we call the "Venetian colouring," is at Venice *a truth*; it is the faithful transcript of certain effects, having their causes in the very nature of the things and the conditions of the existence around us; but, elsewhere, it is a fashion, an imitation, a beautiful supposition; we are obliged to grant those conditions which here we see and feel.

The character of grandeur given to colour, both by Giorgione and Titian, and more particularly by Giorgione, is very extraordinary. The style of the Caravaggio and Guercino school, with their abrupt lights and shadows, their "light upon dark, and dark upon light," may be very effective and exciting, but, to my taste, it is tricky and vulgar in comparison to the Venetian style. It is like an epigram compared with a lyric, or a melodrama compared with an epic poem.

That which in Giorgione was the combined result of a powerful and imaginative temperament, and a peculiar organic sensibility to the appearances of external nature, was more modified by observation and comparison in Titian; but Giorgione was the true poet and prophet, the precursor of what subsequently became the *manner* of the school, as we see it in the best of the late Venetians, Pietra della Vecchia, Tiepolo, and others.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? just as we have the face of a beloved friend reproduced by the daguerrotype, or by some bad

conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Traghetto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal;—even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice?

"But," says my friend, "if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!" True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream;—but this dream upon the canvass, do you call *this* Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms.

But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is more of Venice

in his "Cornaro Family," or his "Pesaro Madonna," than in all the Canalettis in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry,—petrifactions, materialities: "We start, for life is wanting there!"*

I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, "put down the church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:" here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very *acmé* of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted war-

* Guardi gives the local colouring of Venice more truly than Canaletti: Bonnington better than either, in one or two examples which remain to us. I remember particularly a picture, which is or was in the possession of Mr. Munroe, of Park-street.

riors and doges, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari! —man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, life-like—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether at morn, or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steed, and trampled Turk; or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, "Good heavens! how came they there?"

And not to forget the great wonder of modern times,—I hear people talking of the railroad across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the "dull catalogue of common things;" and they call on me to join the outcry, to

echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of Murray's Hand-book; but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more;—to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus, and in this gigantic causeway and its seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged, to which neither alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a common place. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice;—

> Twining memories of old time
> With new virtues more sublime!

I will join in any denunciations against the devastators, white-washers, and so-called renovators: may they be——rewarded! But in the midst of our regrets for the beauty that is outworn or profaned, why should we despond, as if the fountains of beauty were reserved in heaven, and flowed no more to us on earth? Why should we be always looking back, till our heads are well nigh twisted

off our shoulders? Why all our reverence, all our faith for the past, as if the night were already come "in which no man can work?"—as if there were not a long day before us for effort in the cause of humanity—for progress in the knowledge of good?

While thinking of that colossal range of piers and arches, bestriding the sea—massy and dark against the golden sunset, as I last saw them, I am reminded of another occasion, on which I beheld the poetry of science and civilization, and the poetry of memory and association, brought into close and startling propinquity.

At this time it happened that the young queen of Greece was at Venice. We used to meet her sometimes gliding about in an open gondola, with her picturesque attendants; and with that kind of interest which those singled out for high and mournful destinies, excite in every human heart, we could not help watching her as she passed and repassed, and looking into her countenance, pale and elegant, and somewhat sad. I believe it was partly in her honour and partly to amuse two boy-princes of Austria, also there, that a French

aëronaut was engaged on a certain day to ascend in his balloon from the Campo di San Luca. Now every one knows that as the streets of Venice are merely paved alleys, so these open spaces, dignified by the name of *campi* (fields or squares), are, most of them, not larger than the little paved courts in the heart of London—gaps, breathing-places, some few yards square. On this grand occasion, the whole of the Campo di San Luca was let out, every window occupied. *We* also were of the invited, but we wisely considered that it would be much like looking up at the balloon from the bottom of a well. So we ordered our gondolier to row us out on the Grand Canal, and in the direction which we knew the wind would *discreetly* oblige the aëronaut to take, that is, towards the main land; and there we floated about in the open Lagune beyond Santa Chiara, till we beheld the balloon emerging suddenly from amid the clustered buildings, then ascending slowly—gracefully, and hovering like a ball of fire over the city. The sun was just setting, as it sets at Venice, dome, and pinnacle, and lofty campanile bathed in crimson light. The people had all crowded to the other end of the town, and were congregated round

royalty in the Piazza and the public gardens. Solitary in our gondola, on the wide Lagune, we leaned back and watched the balloon soaring over head in the direction of Padua; while our gondolier, rendered perhaps for the first time in his life silent with astonishment, stood leaning on his oar, breathless, his mouth wide open, from which, as soon as he could find voice, issued a volley of adjurations and imprecations, after the Venetian fashion. A month afterwards, at Verona, I encountered the same aëronaut, but this time he had undertaken to rise from the centre of the ancient amphitheatre. It is calculated to hold 22,000 persons; therefore, as it was nearly full, there must have been from 15,000 to 18,000 people collected within the circuit of its massy walls, and ranged, tier above tier, on its marble seats. In fact, the whole population of Verona and its neighbourhood seemed, on this occasion, to have poured into its vast enclosure.

It was a holiday; all were gaily dressed. There were bands of music, a regiment or two of Austrian soldiers under arms, as usual; and the multitude of spectators, one half in sunshine, the other half in shade, sat for some time, now

hushed into silence by suspense; now breaking into a murmur of impatience, swelling like a hollow sound, just heard so far as impatience and discontent are allowed to be audible in this submissive, military-ridden country. Meantime the process of filling the balloon was going on, even in that very recess whence the wild beasts were let loose on their victims. " When it was filled, and while still held down by the cords, the aëronaut slowly made the circuit of the arena above the heads of the people, throwing down as he passed showers of bonbons on the ladies beneath. The men then let go the ropes, and the machine ascended swiftly, to the sound of triumphant music and animated *bravos*, and floated off in the direction of Mantua. Many hundreds of the people rushed up to the topmost summit of the building, which is without any defensive parapet, and there they stood gesticulating on the giddy verge, their forms strongly defined against the blue sky. We also ascended;—what a scene was there! Below us the city spread out in all the vividness of an Italian atmosphere; with its winding river and strange old bridges, and cypress-crowned hill; on one side the sun setting in a blaze of purple and

gold; on the other, the pale large moon rising like a gigantic spectre of herself; and far to the south, the balloon diminishing to a speck—a point, till lost in the depths of space. Turning again to the interior, we saw the crowds sinking from sight, with an awful rapidity, as if swallowed up by the cavern-like *Vomitories;* and by the time we had descended into the arena, there were but a few stragglers left, flitting like ghosts to and fro in the midst of its vast circuit, already gloomily dark, while all without was still glowing in the evening light. It was in the midst of this scene, and while lost in the thousand speculations to which it gave rise, that I heard some travellers talking of the profanation of the antique circus, by being made a theatre of amusement and by the admission of a motley crowd of modern barbarians. Could they see in the contrast suggested by such a spectacle only the desecration of an old Roman relic—the intrusion of the commonplace into the poetical? To me it was earnest of the victory of mind over ferocious ignorance—a purifying of those blood-stained precincts—that they should witness the peaceful yet glorious triumphs of science even *there* where such wholesale horrors were once

enacted as freeze the blood to think of. Do the admirers of the world's old age, which, as Bacon truly says, ought rather to be called the world's rash infancy, wish such times returned? Italy will not be regenerated by looking back, but by looking forward.

People may gaze up at that old Verona amphitheatre, and on the fallen or falling palaces of Venice, and moralise on the transitoriness of all human things:—well is it for us that some things are transitory! Let us believe, as we *must*, if we have faith in God's good government of the world, that nothing dies that deserves to live; that nothing perishes into which the spirit of man has entered; that we are the heirs not only of immortality in heaven, but of an immortality on earth—of immortal mind bequeathed to us, and which we in our turn transmit with increase to our descendants. Why ask of all-various, infinite Nature another Shakespeare, another Raphael, another Titian? Have they not lived and done their work? Why ask to have the past, even in its most excellent form, reproduced? Is it not *here*, beside us, a part of our present existence?

When I wandered through some of those glorious old churches in Lombardy, surrounded by their faded frescos and mystic groups,—

> Virgin, and babe, and saint,
> With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,

a solemn feeling was upon me—a sense of the sublime and the true, which did not arise merely from the perception of excellence in art, neither was it a yearning after those forms of faith which have gone into the past; but because in these enduring monuments the past was made *present;* because the spirit of devotion which had raised them, and filled them with images of beauty and holiness, being in itself a truth, that truth died not—could not die—but seemed to me still inhabiting there, still hovering round, still sanctifying and vivifying the forms it had created. When a short time afterwards I crossed the Alps and found myself at Munich, how different all! The noble churches, professedly and closely imitated from the types and models left by mediæval art, lavishly decorated with pictures and sculpture executed to perfection, found me every day admiring, praising, criticising—

but ever cold. I felt how vain must be the attempt to reanimate the spirit of catholicism merely by returning to the forms. "Still," as Schiller says so beautifully, "doth the old feeling bring back the old names;"—but never will the old names bring back the old feeling. How strongly I felt this at Munich! In the Basilica especially, which has been dedicated to St. Boniface, where every group, figure, ornament has had its prototype in some of the venerable edifices of old Christian Rome, brought from the Sant' Agnese, or the Santa Prasseda. *There* they were, awful—soul-lifting—heart-speaking, because they were the expression of a faith which lived in men's souls, and worked in their acts—were, and *are*, for time cannot silence that expression nor obliterate that impress; but these factitious, second-hand exhibitions of modern religious art, fall comparatively so cold on the imagination—so flat—so profitless! Of course I am speaking here not of their merit, but of their moral effect, or rather their moral *efficacy*. The real value, the real immortality of the beautiful productions of old art lies in their *truth*, as embodying the spirit of a particular age. We have not so much out-

lived that spirit, as we have comprehended it in a still larger sphere of experience and existence. We do not repudiate it; we cannot, without repudiating a *truth*; but we carry it with us into a wider, grander horizon. It is no longer the whole, but a part, as that which is now the whole to us shall hereafter be but a part; for thus the soul of humanity spreads into a still widening circle, embracing the yet unknown, the yet unrevealed, unattained. This age, through which we have lived —are living—in what form will it show itself to futurity, and be comprehended in it—by it?—not, as I believe, in any form of the fine arts; in machinery perhaps; in the perfecting of civil and educational institutions. This is our prosaic present which is the destined cradle of a poetical future. Sure I am, that an age is opening upon us which will seek and find its manifestation in the highest art: all is preparing for such an advent; but they who would resuscitate the forms of art of the past ages, might as well think to make Attic Greek once more the language of our herb-women. Those tongues we call and account as dead have ceased to be the medium of communion between soul and soul; yet they are really

living, are immortal, through the glorious thoughts they have served to embody; and as it has been with the classical languages, so it is with the arts of the middle ages; they live and are immortal,—but for all present purposes they are *dead.*

Piety in art—poetry in art—Puseyism in art,—let us be careful how we confound them.

* * * *

Titian,—for we are still in Venice, where every object recalls him, so that whatever the train of thought, it brings us round to him,—Titian was certainly not a *pietist* in art, nor yet a mannerist. He neither painted like a monk, nor like an academician; nor like an angel, as it was said of Raphael; nor like a Titan, as one might say of Michael Angelo: but he painted like a MAN!—like a man to whom God had given sense and soul, a free mind, a healthy and a happy temperament; one whose ardent human sympathies kept him on earth, and humanized all his productions; who was satisfied with the beauty his mother Nature revealed to him, and reproduced the objects he beheld in such a spirit of love as made them lovely. Sorrow was to him an accidental visitation

which threw no shadow either on his spirit or his canvass. He perhaps thought, like another old painter, that "*il non mai fare altro che affaticarsi senza pigliarsi un piacere al mondo, non era cosa da Cristiani.*" But the pleasures he so vividly enjoyed never seem to have either enslaved or sullied his clear healthful mind. He had never known sickness; his labour was his delight; and from the day he had learned to handle his pencil, he never passed a day without using it. His life of a century, spent, with the exception of a few occasional absences, in his beloved Venice, was one of the happiest, the most honoured, the most productive, as it was one of the longest on record.

Ludovico Dolce, who knew Titian personally, and was, for many years, one of his social circle, assures us that "he was most modest; that he never spoke reproachfully of other painters; that, in his discourse, he was ever ready to give honour where honour was due; that he was, moreover, an eloquent speaker, having an excellent wit and a perfect judgment in all things; of a most sweet and gentle nature, affable, and most courteous in manners; so that whoever once conversed with him,

could not choose but love him thenceforth for ever." On the whole, this praise was, probably, deserved; but it is unsatisfactory to reflect that precisely the same praise, nearly in the same words, has been applied to Raphael; and that Raphael and Titian were, in character and in temperament, the antipodes of each other. It sounds like a string of approving phrases, which might apply to any amiable and distinguished man. We wish to hear something of Titian more distinct, more discriminative—founded in a knowledge of those peculiar elements which made up his individuality, and which influenced every production of his mind and hand. That he was a man of great energy; of a gay and genial temper; independent, not so much from a love of liberty, as a love of ease; of strong passions and affections; and, notwithstanding the praise of his friend Ludovico, quite capable of hating a rival; all this we may infer from various anecdotes of his life; and that he was accomplished in the learning of his time, and fond of the society of learned men, is also apparent. It was not for his vices he loved Aretino, but in spite of them. Aretino had wit, learning, admirable taste in art; and his attachment to Titian of thirty years, by its

duration, proved its sincerity: but Titian had other and more honourable friendships; and there is something very characteristic and touching also in the pleasure with which he represented himself and one or other of his intimate friends in the same picture. One of these twin portraits is at Windsor, and represents Titian and the Chancellor Franceschini; another gives us Titian and his gossip (*compare*), Francesco Zuccati, the "Maitre Mosaïste,"* who is one of the principal personages in George Sand's beautiful Tale; and there are other instances. Then we have himself and his mistress, or his wife; and himself and his daughter. No painter has more stamped his soul, affections, and inmost being on the works of his hand, than did this magnificent and genial old man. *Old*, we say, in speaking of him; for we see him ever with that furrowed brow, piercing eye, aquiline nose, and ample flowing beard, which his portraits exhibit: we think of him painting his Venus and Adonis when he was eighty; and we can no more bring Titian before us as a *young* man, than we can fancy

* D. Francesco del Musaico; he stood godfather to a daughter of Titian, who died in her infancy; "*Francesco è il mio compare ch' ei mi batizò una Puta che me morse*," says Titian.

the angelic Raphael old. The venerable patriarchal dignity with which we invest the personal image of Titian in our minds is in contrast equally with the immortal loveliness of his works—full of the very "sap of life,"—the untiring energy of his mortal career, and the miserable scene of abandonment which closed it.

After a pilgrimage through the churches and palaces of Venice, after looking, every day, with ever new delight on the "Presentation in the Temple," and the "Assumption" in the Academia, we had resolved to close our sojourn by a visit of homage to the house in which the great old master dwelt for fifty years, (the half of his long life) and lived and loved, and laughed and quaffed with Aretino and Sansovino, and Bembo and Bernardo Tasso; and feasted starry-eyed Venetian dames, and entertained princes, and made beauty immortal, and then—died—O, such a death! a death which should seem, in its horror and its loathsomeness, to have summed up the bitterness of a life-long sorrow, in a few short hours!

It was not in the Barberigo Palace that Titian dwelt, nor did he, as has been supposed, work or

die there. His residence, previous to his first famous visit to Bologna, was in a close and crowded part of Venice, in the Calle Gallipoli, near San Tomà; in the same neighbourhood Giorgione had resided, but in an open space in front of the church of San Silvestro. The locality pointed out as Titian's residence is very much the same as it must have been in the sixteenth century; for Venice has not changed since then in expansion, though it has seen many other changes; has increased in magnificence,—has drooped in decay. In this alley, for such it was and is, he lived for many years, a frugal as well as a laborious life; his only certain resource being his pension as state painter, in which office he succeeded his master, Gian Bellini. When riches flowed in with royal patronage, he removed his *atelier* to a more spacious residence, in a distant, beautiful quarter of the city; and, without entering into any extravagance, he proved that he knew how to spend money, as well as how to earn money, to his own honour and the delight of others.

It is curious that a house so rich in associations, and, as one should suppose, so dear to Venice,

should, even now, be left obscure, half-ruined, well-nigh forgotten, after being, for two centuries, unknown, unthought of. It was with some difficulty we found it. The direction given to us was, "*Nella contrada di S. Canciano, in Luogo appellato Biri-grande, nel campo Rotto, sopra la palude o Canale ch'è in fàccia all' isola di Murano dove ora stanno innalzate le Fondamenta nuove:*" minute enough one would think: but, even our gondolier, one of the most intelligent of his class, was here at fault. We went up and down all manner of canals, and wandered along the Fondamenta Nuove, a beautiful quay or terrace, built of solid stone, and running along the northern shore of this part of the city. Here we lingered about, so intoxicated with the beauty of the scene, and the view over the open Lagune, specked with gondolas gliding to and fro, animated by the evening sunshine, and a breeze which blew the spray in our faces, that every now and then we forgot our purpose, only, however, to resume our search with fresh enthusiasm; diving into the narrow allies, which intersect, like an intricate net-work, the spaces between the canals; and penetrating into strange nooks and labyrinths, which those who have not seen, do not know

some of the most peculiar and picturesque aspects of Venice.

We were now in San Canciano, near the church of the Gesuiti, and knew we must be close upon the spot indicated, but still it seemed to elude us. At length a young girl, looking out of a dilapidated, unglazed window, herself like a Titian portrait set in an old frame—so fresh—so young—so mellow-cheeked—with the redundant tresses and full dark eyes *alla Veneziana*, after peeping down archly on the perplexed strangers, volunteered a direction to the Casa di Tiziano, in the Campo Rotto; for she seemed to guess, or had overheard our purpose. We hesitated; not knowing how far we might trust this extemporaneous benevolence. The neighbourhood had no very good reputation in Titian's time; and, as it occurred to me, had much the appearance of being still inhabited by persons *delle quali è bello il tacere*. But one of my companions gallantly swearing that such eyes *could* not play us false, insisted on following the instruction given; and he was right. After threading a few more of these close narrow passages, we came upon the place and edifice we sought. That part of it looking into the Campo Rotto is a low wine-house, dignified by

the title of the "*Trattaria di Tiziano;*" and under its vine-shadowed porch sat several men and women regaling. The other side still looking into a little garden, (even the very "dilettevole giardino de Messer Tiziano,") is portioned out to various inhabitants: on the exterior wall some indications of the fresco paintings which once adorned it are still visible. A laughing, ruffianly, half-tipsy gondolier, with his black cap stuck roguishly on one side, and a countenance which spoke him ready for any mischief, insisted on being our *cicerone;* and an old shoemaker, or tailor, I forget which, did the honours with sober civility. We entered by a little gate leading into the garden, and up a flight of stone steps to an antique porch, overshadowed by a vine, which had but lately yielded its harvest of purple grapes, and now hung round the broken pillars and balustrades in long, wild, neglected festoons. From this entrance another flight of stone steps led up to the principal apartments, dilapidated, dirty, scantily furnished. The room which had once been the chief saloon and Titian's *atelier,* must have been spacious and magnificent, capable of containing very large-sized pictures,—the canvass, for instance, of the Last Supper,

painted for Philip II. We found it now portioned off by wooden partitions, into various small tenements; still one portion of it remained, in size and loftiness, oddly contrasted with the squalid appearance of the inmates. About forty years ago, there was seen, on a compartment of the ceiling, a beautiful group of dancing Cupids. One of the lodgers, a certain Messer Francesco Breve, seized with a sudden fit of cleanliness, whitewashed it over; but being made aware of his mistake, he tore it down, and attempted to cleanse off the chalk, for the purpose of selling it. What became of the maltreated relic is not known;—into such hands had the dwelling of Titian descended!*

The little neglected garden, which once sloped

* See the documents appended to a work, by the Abbate Cadorin, published in 1833, and which bears the rather fantastic title, "Dello Amore di Tiziano per i Veneziani." The greater part and the more valuable part of the quarto consists in the extracts from the public registers, &c., which have settled finally many dates and many disputed points relative to the life and the residence of Titian. Of the diligence and good faith of the Abbé Cadorin, there can be no doubt. I am not aware that there exists in any language a good life of Titian. Ridolfi and Ticozzi are full of mistakes, which have been copied into all other biographies. It is curious that the earliest life of Titian (published at Venice in 1622) was dedicated to an Englishwoman, the Countess of Arundel and Surrey. The dedication may be found in Bottari, *Lettere Pittoriche*, vol. i. p 574.

down to the shore, and commanded a view over the Lagune to Murano, was now shut in by high buildings, intercepting all prospect but of the sky, and looked strangely desolate. The impression left by the whole scene was most melancholy, and no associations with the past, no images of beauty and of glory, came between us and the intrusive vulgarity of the present.

Titian removed hither from the close neighbourhood of San Tomà, in the year 1531, and at that time a more beautiful site for the residence of a painter can hardly be conceived. Claude's house, on the Monte Pincio, at Rome, was not more suited to him than was the San Canciano to Titian. The building was nearly new; it had been erected in 1527, by the Patrician Alvise Polani, and was then called the Casa Grande, to distinguish it from others in the neighbourhood; it stood detached, and facing the north: the garden, then a vacant space (*terreno vacuo*), reaching to the Lagune. In September 1531, Titian hired from Bianca Polani, and her husband Leonardo Molini, the upper part of the house, at a yearly rent of forty ducats, and removed into it with all his family. He was then

in his fifty-third year, and at the height of his reputation. In a renewal of the lease, in 1536, we find Titian called *Il celeberrimo D. Tiziano,* which appears to us northerns rather a singular phrase to be introduced into a formal legal document.

He had recently lost his wife Cecilia.* His eldest son, Pomponio, was about six years old; his second son, Orazio, about three; and his daughter, Lavinia, an infant of about a year old. His sister, Ursula, was at the head of his household, which she regulated for twenty years with great prudence and diligence. Up to this time Titian had lived with frugality. Though honoured and admired by his fellow-citizens, the prices he had received for his works were comparatively small. Could he have resolved to leave his beloved Venice he might have revelled in riches and honours, such as princes lavish on their favourites: Francis I., Leo X., and the Dukes of Mantua, Urbino, and Ferrara had contended for the honour of attaching him to their service. "But," to quote his own words, in one

* Not *Lucia,* as she is called by Ticozzi. The dates of the birth of Titian's children are also given from the documents brought forward by Cadorin, and differ from former authorities. Cecilia died in 1530. V. Cadorin, note 19, p. 70.

of his memorials to the Doge and Council of Ten, "I preferred living in humble mediocrity, under the shadow of my natural lords, than in what prosperous condition soever under foreign princes; and I have constantly refused all the proposals made to me, that I might remain near your Illustrious Excellencies." What the princes of Italy had failed to accomplish, the Emperor Charles V. with all the allurements of his power, could not effect: he could not tempt the generous, high-souled painter to give up his independence and his country. It appears, however, that the patronage of the Emperor added considerably to his fortune: from the date of Titian's first visit to Bologna, where he painted the portraits of Charles V. Clement VII. the Cardinal de' Medici, the Duke of Alva, and from which he returned with 2000 gold crowns in his purse, we find him increasing in riches and honours. He had, at first, taken only the upper part of this house; he then, from 1539, rented the whole of it; and a few years later he took the piece of land, the *terreno vacuo* adjoining, which he fenced in and converted into a delicious garden, extending to the shore. No buildings *then* rose to obstruct the view; —the Fondamente Nuove did not then exist. He

looked over the wide canal, which is the thoroughfare between the city of Venice and the Island of Murano; in front the two smaller islands of San Cristoforo * and San Michele; and beyond them Murano, rising on the right, with all its domes and campanili, like another Venice. Far off extended the level line of the mainland, and, in the distance, the towering chain of the Friuli Alps, sublime, half defined, with jagged snow-peaks soaring against the sky; and more to the left, the Euganean hills, Petrarch's home, melting, like visions, into golden light. There, in the evening, gondolas filled with ladies and cavaliers, and resounding with music, were seen skimming over the crimson waves of the Lagune, till the purple darkness came on rapidly—not, as in the north, like a gradual veil, but like a gèmmed and embroidered curtain suddenly let down over all. This was the view from the garden of Titian; so unlike any other in the world, that it never would occur to me to compare it with any other. More glorious combinations of sea, mountain, shore, there may be—I cannot tell; *like* it, is nothing that I have ever beheld or imagined.

* San Cristoforo is now a cemetery, and in one corner of it lies poor Leopold Robert, the painter.

In this beautiful residence dwelt Titian for the last fifty years of his life. He made occasional excursions to Bologna, Ferrara, Urbino, Mantua, Milan, and to Augsburg and Inspruck, in compliance with the commands of his princely patrons. But this was his home, to which he returned with ever-increasing love and delight, and from which no allurements could tempt him. He preferred, to the splendid offers of sovereigns, his independence, his friends, his art, his country—for such Venice had become to him—"*la mia Venezia*," as he fondly styles her. Nor did his love for his magnificent foster-mother diminish his affection for his little paternal home among the mountains. In proof of this we find the scenery of Pieve di Cadore perpetually reproduced in his pictures: the towering cliff, the castle, the wild, broken ground, the huge plane and chesnut trees, with their great wreathed roots,—these form the back-grounds of his classical and sacred subjects; these furnished the features of his beautiful pastoral landscapes and his harvest scenes—all of which are from nature. While, of Venetian localities, I can remember no instance, except the back-grounds of some of the historical pictures painted for the Doges. Among the sketches

by Titian I have seen in various collections, I do not remember one taken from his garden at Venice. The solitary instance I have heard of, is the introduction of the bushy tree, with the round-shaped leaves, introduced into the fore-ground of the picture of St. Peter Martyr; which is traditionally said to be a study from a certain tree which grew in his garden at San Canciano. The tradition, first mentioned I believe by Zanetti,* is always repeated by those who show you the picture in the church of St. John and St. Paul. But if it be true that the San Pietro was painted in 1520, seven years before the house was built, and twenty years, at least, before the garden was laid out, what becomes of the tradition? Unfortunately, dates and documents are inexorable things to deal with, "putting down" theories and traditions with plain matter of fact, to the utter confusion of the credulous and the affliction of the sentimental.

But without having recourse to these doubtful stories, there remains enough of what is certain and indisputable to lend to the house of Titian a thousand charming associations. It is true that the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Four Ages, the Assumption,

* "Trattato della Pittura," p. 159. Edit. 1792.

the Peter Martyr, and many of his finest pictures, were painted before he took up his residence here;* but most of the pictures painted after 1531 were finished in this *atelier*, even when begun elsewhere. Here Ippolito de' Medicis sat to him on his return from Hungary, in his Hungarian costume. Here he painted the Venus of the Florence Gallery, The Entombment, the Ecce Homo of the Louvre, the St. Jerome of the Brera, the two Dianas in Lord Francis Egerton's Gallery, the Venus and Adonis, the Last Supper of the Escuriel, the San Nicolò in the Vatican, the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, and hundreds of other *chefs d'œuvre*.† In his garden, after his day's work, the table was spread, and he supped with his friends Aretino, Sansovino, Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Trivulzi, Ludovico Dolce, Sperone Speroni. The conver-

* The Bacchus and Ariadne, now in our National Gallery, was painted for the Duke of Ferrara in 1516: the Four Ages of the Bridgwater Gallery, in 1515: the Assumption, in 1518; and the St. Peter Martyr, begun about 1516, was finished in 1520. See Ridolfi and Cadorini.

† I believe we may add to this list the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, which has usually been supposed to be one of Titian's early pictures; but the introduction of Bembo, in his cardinal's robes, shows that it must have been painted after 1539. Bembo was created cardinal in that year. See his Life.

sations at his table gave rise to Dolce's Dialogo della Pittura, and neither music nor good cheer was wanting to the feast. Here the princely painter entertained Henry III. of France, with his suite of nobles, and all their attendants; but it does not appear that Henry sat to him.* In fact, Titian painted few portraits during the last twenty years of his life; he had been, on account of his great age rather than the loss of power, absolved from his state duty of painting the Doges—the seventh, and the last who sat to him, was the Doge Veniero, in 1558.

We cannot think of Titian, gifted by nature with that sound equable and harmonious character, not often the concomitant of genius,† and prosperous even to the height of his wishes, without picturing him to ourselves as a happy man; and he must have been so on the whole, but sorrow found him as it finds all men. His son Pomponio must have

* I doubt whether even the art of Titian could have ennobled the mean, sickly, effeminate features of this odious King; but he would probably have given us, as in his picture of Paul III, a wonderful transcript of nature.

† Lanzi says, "Dal suo nascere, il Vecellio avea sortito uno spirito sodo, tranquillo, portato al vero piuttosto che al nuovo; ed è quello spirito che forma siccome i veri litterati, cosi i veri pittori."

been a perpetual source of pain and humiliation. He was an ecclesiastic who every way disgraced his profession,—apparently the excellent advice and exhortations of Aretino were of less force than his example. Orazio, the second son of Titian, became his father's friend, companion, and manager of his interests in foreign courts. He was a very good painter, but worked so continually with his father as his assistant, that few separate works remain to attest his ability. One incident in the otherwise peaceful and laborious life of Orazio is so little known, and so singularly characteristic of the manners of that time, that I am tempted to give it here. There was a certain Leone Leoni, a sculptor, remarkable equally for his talents and his ruffianly vices. He had been banished successively from Rome, Ferrara, and Venice; but still found patrons. A young man, his scholar, wearied of his tyranny and excesses, refused to leave Venice with him, and took refuge in the house of Titian, where he was received and kindly treated by Orazio. Leoni dispatched from Milan a hired assassin to murder the scholar in the house of his protector; but the blow missed, and the assassin escaped. Two years afterwards,

in 1559, Orazio was sent by his father to Milan, with sundry pictures, for which he was to receive payment. Here he found Leoni living in affluence, and was received by him with professions of friendship; nor does it appear that Orazio was prevented, by his knowledge of Leoni's infamous character, from accepting his proffered kindness. On a certain evening, about the Ave-Maria, Orazio being seated in conversation with Leoni, a thrush, which hung in the room, began to flutter, on which Orazio took off his cloak, and flung it over the cage. At the same time it happened that two of Orazio's servants were seen passing by, carrying the pictures of Titian to the ducal palace. Either from the immediate impulse of envy and jealousy, or from premeditated vengeance for the protection given to his scholar Martino, Leoni drew his dagger, and struck Orazio, who was occupied by the thrush, two blows, neither of which was mortal, and pursuing him to the door, inflicted several other wounds. Orazio escaped from the house, and took refuge with one of his friends: and what renders the whole story as curious as it is revolting, is the fact, that Leoni, who was under deep obligation to Titian for many kind offices,

received no punishment; and that Orazio, after his recovery and return to Venice, memorialized the Council of Ten for the privilege of going armed himself, and attended by an armed servant; "being," as he averred, "in manifest peril of his life through the treachery of Leone Leoni, seeing that it was only through the benignity of his father's loving friend, the Lord Bishop of Bressa, who had given him an escort of armed men, that he had been able to return in safety to the bosom of his most happy and beloved nest (*nido*) in Venice," &c.* The mild Orazio was evidently not overburthened with personal courage. He is said to have painted portraits admirably;† and Boschini mentions a portrait of a Venetian lady "*vestida gravamente alla Veneziana*" of great beauty which was purchased in his time by a certain Pitt, an Englishman, who carried it away "to delight his eyes in England." One would like to know whether this "certo Pitti" was one of the progenitors of that noble family, and whether such a portrait of a Venetian lady be in the possession of any one bearing the name?

* See the legal documents and depositions given at length by Cadorin, p. 50.

† V. Ridolfi, v. i. p. 200, and Lanzi.

Titian's beautiful daughter Lavinia, the youngest and best beloved of his children, died before her father. He had often painted her; and seems to have so delighted in her society, that he could not easily part with her. One of the last pictures for which she served him as a model, was the Pan and Syrinx,* now in the Palazzo Barberigo, and apparently never quite finished. In March 1555, Titian bestowed his daughter, with a noble dowry,† on Cornelio Scarsenello, of Serravalle, in Cadore. She became the mother of six children, and died in childbirth about 1561.

The Abbé Cadorin believes that Lavinia, and the circumstances of her death, form the subject of a very singular picture, which is, or was lately, in the possession of Mr. Morrison, of Harley Street, and of which there is a well-known etching by Van Dyck. A very different interpretation has been given to this picture; but when we recollect the supposed cause and circumstances of Lavinia's death; the age of Titian, who, in the picture, is

* As his eulogist observes, "Pensiero per verità capriccioso e intorno a cui si potrebbe filosofare, ma non so con qual frutto. Il Vecellio ne avrà avuto la sua ragione."

† He gave her 2400 ducats in money and jewels.

an old man of eighty at least; we can hardly doubt that this hypothesis of Cadorin is the true one. My own belief, after observation of the picture, is, that it represents Lavinia at the age of twenty-eight or thirty; that it was begun by Titian before her death, and that after her death, the head of Titian, the too significant action, the death's head in the casket, and the Latin inscription, were added—not perhaps by Titian himself—but by Orazio, or one of his scholars; this, however, is only a supposition, which must go for what it is worth.

As for the beautiful Violante Palma, supposed to have been Titian's early love, as some say his mistress, and as others say, his wife,—it seems quite in vain to attempt to reconcile the conflicting dates, traditions, and testimonies, with regard to her. All that we can regard as certain is, that the same person (and a most beautiful creature she must have been) was the model of Giorgione, of Palma, and of Titian, for so we must conclude from the evident identity of a face painted by all these artists under different names.

The tradition has been constant that this person

was Violante, one of the three daughters of the elder Palma, and that she was beloved by Titian. But, say the critics, "how could she be the love of Titian, since Palma, according to Vasari, was born in 1525? Titian must have been an old man of eighty while she was yet a child."

Now it is no little comfort to find that if dates and documents sometimes confound the enthusiasm of the credulous, they also, sometimes, put to shame the sneers of the incredulous; and an examination of certain particulars will, at least, help to determine what was possible and what impossible. Vasari, notoriously unscrupulous with regard to dates, must be set aside; for it is proved from official documents that Palma was a painter of eminence in 1520. Cadorin sees reason to suppose that he was the cotemporary of Titian, and born about 1480; therefore, in 1516, he might have had a daughter old enough, and lovely enough, to be introduced as one of the nymphs into the Bacchanal painted for the Duke of Ferrara,*—for so the tradition ran;—she *might* even be the original of the picture in the Manfrini Palace, celebrated by Lord Byron—this is asserted

* Now in Spain in the Madrid Gallery.

(though, for my own part, I do not believe it),—and of the exquisite portrait in the Pitti Palace; and the yet more delicious Flora in the Florence Gallery; and the Venus of Paris Bordone. With regard to the portraits of Violante, by her father, there can be no doubt. One is at Vienna, head and bust only; and to express her name she has a violet in her bosom. She appears in this picture as a young girl—about seventeen, full-formed, with a face of exquisite beauty, somewhat pensive in expression, and with very fair hair, apparently of the artificial tint already described. The other is at Dresden, in the same picture with her two sisters, Violante being the centre figure. The divine St. Barbara, in the church of S. Maria Formosa, at Venice, is also the portrait of Violante, and her father's masterpiece. With regard to the picture in the Louvre, called Titian's Mistress, as far as I can compare it in memory with these portraits, I should suppose it to represent quite a different person; neither can I subscribe to the theory of those who fancy that this most beautiful Contadina is the portrait of the Laura who was married to Alphonso of Ferrara, after the death of his first wife, Lucretia Borgia. If the Santa Giustina, at

Vienna, with Alphonso kneeling at her feet, represents this beautiful Laura,—and I hope it does,—then the picture in the Louvre is a different person. The man in this picture certainly bears a resemblance to the Duke Alphonso, and no resemblance whatever to Titian. But the question could only be set at rest by bringing all these pictures into close comparison with each other,—a thing impossible. A comparison of the engravings, or of copies, would not suffice.

What became of the beautiful Violante we do not know. She is named, with Paola Sansovino and La Franceschini, among the ladies who adorned Titian's garden suppers; but whether we have any grounds for associating her memory with the house at San Canciano, is, I think, doubtful.

Of his other associates, Bembo died in 1547, Aretino in 1559, and Sansovino in 1586. The death of Aretino, his fast friend and companion for thirty-five years, touched him most. The perpetual, unavoidable association of the name and fame of Titian with the measureless infamy of this dissolute man, is very painful. But the worst are not wholly bad; and no one has denied the strength

and sincerity of Aretino's attachments where he really loved, and particularly his devoted friendship for Titian.

As to the degrading and deteriorating influence which Aretino is said to have exercised over the morals, genius, and productions of Titian, I do not believe in any such influence. I *did* once, and had a strong feeling on the subject; more knowledge—or rather less ignorance—has changed my opinion. We have the united testimony of all Titian's cotemporaries, with regard to the becoming dignity and decorum of his manners. Aretino was twenty years younger than Titian; their friendship did not commence till about 1527; and I must observe, that such was the reputation of Aretino, at that time, that even the severe Michael Angelo addressed him with respect, and called him "brother" (*Fratello mio*); and the grave and virtuous Vittoria Colonna was in correspondence with him. If Aretino had been the friend of the mild and modest Correggio, we should probably have attributed to his influence or inspiration several pictures, which we have reason to wish that Correggio had never painted. The truth is, that the artists of the sixteenth century took their impress from the

age; and what an age it was,—how brilliant and how polluted! The predominance in Italy of certain great families, remarkable for their public vices and the atrocities of their domestic history, the Borgia, Medici, Farnese, Este, and Gonzago races, in all their branches, had infected Italy from north to south,—had made every excess of the most flagitious wickedness common-place: the dregs left behind by the savage and depraved mercenaries of France and Germany complete a picture from which the mind would recoil in unmingled disgust, if the wonderful activity and brilliance of intellect displayed did not dazzle us, and the working out of a new spirit, which we are *now* able to trace through all this mass of corruption, did not fix our attention. Aretino was the rank product of this rank age, which yet he had sense enough, and wit enough, to estimate truly, even while concentrating all its characteristics of baseness and sensuality in his own person.

The profligate churchmen, and the vicious and perfidious princes of his time, whether they were the themes of his flattery or his satire, seem to have been, at least, the perpetual objects of his absolute and

bitter scorn. His praise and his invective were put up to public sale; all was open, shameless barter or bribery, of which, as it seems to me, the greater infamy does not fall on Aretino. But not longer to defile my pen and paper with the subject, I will only observe, that Aretino had a true judgment in art;—the tone of criticism, all through his letters, I allude of course to those in the collection of Bottari, is excellent.

There are several portraits of Aretino, by Titian; one, in the Munich Gallery, which represents him as a young man, is remarkable for the lofty intellectual brow and refined expression. And there is a famous engraving by Marc Antonio, of the authenticity of which, as a portrait, there can be no doubt, as it is alluded to by Aretino himself. It exhibits a head of great power, but with a debased and sensual expression, which must be characteristic. As a piece of art this engraving is wonderful. If *both* these portraits represent Aretino, the depravation of the head and countenance in the second one, is a lesson in morals and in physiology, worth consideration.

After the death of Aretino, Titian quitted his

house and Venice, for a time, and went into the Friuli, where he spent some months with Andrea, Lord of Spilimbergo, and gave some instructions in painting, to his accomplished daughter, Irene.*

But, after a while, he returned to Venice, and found, in his incessant devotion to his art, his best consolation. On the whole, we must agree with Vasari, who, when he visited Titian, in his house at San Canciano, and found him, in his 90th year, still cheerful and healthful, in full possession of his faculties, and looking back on a long life of glory and prosperity, pronounced him happiest among mortal men. But then came the closing scene; so dark and dismal, that it seemed as if the destinies would, at last, be avenged on their favourite. Here, in this same house, Titian lay dying of the pestilence, which had half depopulated Venice;—on a bed near him, his son Orazio. The curators of the sick, in the sternly-pitiful fulfilment of their office, carried off Orazio to the plague-hospital; but they left the old man, for whom there was no hope,—and who was, even then, in the death-gasp,—to die alone. It appears that,

* Lanzi reckons Irene da Spilimbergo among the scholars of Titian, and notices, with praise, three pictures by her.

before he could have ceased to breathe, some of those wretches who come as surely in the train of such horrors as vultures in the rear of carnage—robbers, who went about spoiling the dead and the dying—entered his room, ransacked it, carried off his jewels, the gifts of princes, valuable cups and vases chased in gold and silver,—and, worse than all, some of his most precious pictures. Let us hope that the film of death was already on his eyes; that he saw it not—felt it not. He died on the 27th of August, 1576.

Even in that hour of terror and affliction, the Venetian State could not overlook the honours due to their glorious painter. The rites of burial were, by law, suspended; but an exception was made for Titian. He was carried to the grave with such solemnity as the calamitous times would permit—and buried, as he himself had willed, at the foot of the Altar of the Crucifix, in the Church of the Frari.

It is worth noting that the last picture on which Titian worked, before he died, (a sketch left unfinished), was a figure of St. Sebastian, who is, in Italy, regarded as the patron saint against plague

and pestilence;—probably intended as a votive offering from himself, or some other, when the scourge had passed away. It is now in the Barberigo Palace.

Another picture, on which he had been working up to the time of his death, was the Pietà, now in the Academy at Venice. Titian intended this picture to be placed over his own tomb, in the Chapel of the Crucifixion. It represents a niche or arch of rustic architecture; on one side the statue of Moses;—on the other, that of the Sybil Hellespontica; within the niche sits the Virgin, bearing the dead Redeemer on her knees; Mary Magdalen, with out-stretched arms, is lamenting aloud, and comes forward, as if she called on the spectators to sympathise in her sorrow;—near the Saviour, and supporting one of his arms, kneels the figure of an aged man almost undraped, meagre and wrinkled, with a bald head, and a long flowing beard. This has been supposed, by some critics, to be Joseph of Arimathea; according to others, a St. Jerome. My own impression, when I stood before the picture, was, that Titian had intended to represent himself. I mention this merely as the impression, before I was aware of any interpretation given to the

picture, which is very peculiar in conception—quite different from the usual treatment; the execution, however, is feeble. To the younger Palma, his scholar, was entrusted the task of preparing this picture for its destination. He did so; placing conspicuously on it a touching inscription, to this effect:—"That which Titian left unfinished, Palma reverently completed, and dedicated the work to God." The picture is now placed in the Gallery of the Academia, while the monument to Titian is in progress. Whether it will be restored to the Altar—its original destination—I could not learn.

But we must return, once more, to the house at San Canciano. After the death of Titian and the cessation of the plague, Pomponio Vecelli hastened to Venice, to take possession of his inheritance. Though a dissipated, he was not absolutely a worthless man; for we find that he bestowed, as a gift,* the estates at Cadore on the children of his sister Lavinia. The house at San Canciano reverted to the proprietors; but, as it was proved that Titian was a creditor to the amount of 510 ducats, which they were unable to pay, the house remained in possession of Pomponio; and he sold his interest

* *(In dono.)* See the document in Cadorin.

in it to Cristoforo Barberigo, together with a number of his father's pictures, which Barberigo removed to his palace at San Polo, where they are now to be seen.

Nothing more is known of Pomponio, except that he dissipated his patrimony, and was living in obscurity and poverty in the year 1595. In 1581, Barberigo lent or gave the house at San Canciano to the painter Francesco da Ponte, the son of old Bassano. After inhabiting it for about ten years, Francesco threw himself from the window, in a fit of insanity, and was killed on the spot. This happened on the 4th of July, 1592.

The next inhabitant was again a painter. Leonardo Corona, one of the Venetian mannerists, who most successfully imitated Titian, rented the house from Barberigo, and lived here for ten years. I remember one good picture by this painter: an Annunciation over one of the altars in the Frari. There are others at Venice, but I cannot recall them. He died here in 1605.

Cristoforo Barberigo left the house of Titian, by will, to his natural son Andrea; but the pictures by Titian, which he had purchased from Pomponio, he left to his legal heirs, to descend as an inalienable heir-loom in the family. This is the reason

we find them still preserved in the Barberigo Palace. Andrea left the house to his daughter Chiara; and her husband, one Marconi residing at Rome, sold it, in 1674, to Pietro Berlendis, a patrician of Venice. At this period the house was let out in various tenements, but apparently to persons of condition. We find among the lodgers two sisters of the Faliero family.* All this time the heirs of the original proprietor, Alviso Polani, had certain claims on the estate; but these were finally paid off; and, in 1759, the house and garden became, *bonâ fide*, the property of the Berlendis family.

As the house decayed it continued to be rented by various lodgers; and these became gradually of the poorer class—mechanics, tradesmen, gondoliers—till we come to that Ser Francesco Breve, who tore down the Cupids from the ceiling, about 1805. In 1812 Pietro, Baron Berlendis, ruined by the political revolutions of his country, sold the house and its appendages, which had been in his family 150 years, to four brothers, named Locatelli; and these, again, in 1826, sold it to a certain Antonio Busetto, who is, I believe, the present proprietor. At what period the edifices were erected along the Fondamente Nuove, which now shut out the view

* Cadorin, document G. p. 121.

of the Lagune from the house and garden, I do not find; they have not, by any means, the appearance of new buildings, and are very lofty.

This is the history of the house of Titian. It is going fast to ruin, and has long been desecrated by mean uses and vulgar inmates; yet, as long as one stone stands upon another, it will remain one of the monuments of Venice. When I visited the place of his rest, at the foot of the altar of the crucifix in the "Frari," I found the site closed in with boards; and was told that a magnificent tomb was at last to be erected over his hitherto almost nameless grave. What it is to be, I know not; something, perhaps, in the most egregious bad taste—a mere job—like that of Canova. But, whatever it may be, good or bad, it seems to me that it is now too late for anything of the kind. On what monument could we look with more respect than on a tablet inscribed with his name; leaving out, of course, the common-place doggrel about Zeuxis and Apelles?* And what performance, in the way of "storied urn or animated bust," will not suggest a com-

* The inscription,

"Qui giace il gran Tiziano Vecelli
Emulator dei Zeusi e degli Apelli,"

was written by one of the monks of the convent.

parison with his own excelling works? What can do him more honour than the simple recognition of his excellence, living, as it does, in the divine productions of his art, which are everywhere around us? How much better to have restored his house—that home he so loved—and converted it into some national institution? It as much deserves this distinction as the Palace of the Foscari:* the size and situation are even more favourable for such a purpose; and this would have been a monument worthy of the generous heart of Titian. Arquà still boasts of the house of Petrarch;—Ferrara still shows, with pride, the little study of Ariosto;—Sorrento, the cradle of Tasso;—Urbino, the modest dwelling in which Raphael saw the light;—Florence, the Casa Buonarotti. In Venice the house of Titian is abandoned to the most heartless neglect; and the people now think as little of it as we do of the house in Crutched Friars, where Milton wrote his "Paradise Lost." If it were in a village, three hundred miles off, we should be making pilgrimages to it;—but the din of a city deafens the imagination to all such voices from the dead.

* Which is to be converted into a School of Engineers.

II.

ADELAIDE KEMBLE:

AND THE LYRICAL DRAMA IN 1841.

Written to accompany a series of full-length Drawings executed by Mr. John Hayter, for the Marquess of Titchfield, representing Miss Kemble in all the characters in which she had appeared, and the most striking passages of each.

ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

(August, 1843.)

How often we have had cause to regret that the histrionic art, of all the fine arts the most intense in its immediate effect, should be, of all others, the most transient in its result!—and the only memorials it can leave behind, at best, so imperfect and so unsatisfactory! When those who have attained distinguished celebrity in this department of art retire from the stage, it is the most mournful of all departures for those who disappear, and for those who are left behind; for there is no other bond between the public and its idol than this unlimited sympathy of mutual presence. ADELAIDE KEMBLE exists to us no more. She has retired within the sacred precincts of domestic life, whither those who made her the

subject of public homage, or public criticism, will not presume to follow her, except with silent blessing, heartfelt good-wishes, and grateful thoughts for remembered pleasure, mingled, perhaps, with some regrets, to waken up whenever her name is heard,—as heard it will be. Her short career, as a dramatic artist, has become a part of the history of our country's Drama;—as such, it must be recorded;—as such, it will be the subject hereafter of comparison—of reference. Those who imagine that when the distinguished artist, whose life and destinies have in a manner mingled with our own, is withdrawn from our sight, sympathy and memory are extinguished, commit a great mistake. Without entering here into the question of its expediency or inexpediency, public or private,—since it is a necessity,—since the record *must* and *will* live,—it had better live in a form that is dignified by its instructiveness and its truth, than in a form degraded by levity and untruth; and therefore it is that this sketch, which was at first intended to be strictly private, is here allowed a place: that a name and a fame, familiar to the many, might be rescued from vulgar and ephemeral criticism, and

take—as far as this inadequate tribute may avail —the place they deserve to hold in our memory.

When Johnson said of Garrick, that "his death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations," he expressed a simple fact, which yet was only a part of the whole truth. Not gaiety only, not merely the amusement of an idle hour, have we owed to the great artist,—more especially the great vocal and lyrical artist,—but that blessed relief from the pressure of this working-day world; that genial warming up of the spirit, under the sympathetic influences of beauty, passion, power, poetry, melody, which fuses together a multitude of minds in the one delicious and kindred feeling; —and surely this is much to be thankful for! Those who have felt and acknowledged the influence of this fascination have too generally, and under the excitement of the moment, exhibited their gratitude by impulses as short-lived, by tributes as empty, by rewards as glittering, as the mere stage triumph; shouts and bravoes,—some tears perhaps, forgotten as soon as shed,—jewels, flowers, flattery, lip-homage,—all that is readiest and easiest to pay. But never, certainly, did chivalrous admiration tender a more elegant and

appropriate homage than in the series of Drawings which this memoir was written to illustrate. It was surely a beautiful thought, that of summoning a kindred art to give permanence to what seemed in its nature so transient—the charm of the momentary action, the varied turns of expression, the grace of which words could only preserve the record, not the image. And as the idea was in itself beautiful, so it has been beautifully carried out: Mr. Hayter has avoided those mistakes into which one, with less feeling,—one who had less sympathy with the *object*, and less enthusiasm for the *subject* of his work, would inevitably have been betrayed. These Drawings are a good example of what such representations ought to be;—they were to be as faithful as could be required to the moment, to the action, to the expression:—they were to be scenic, dramatic, but, at the same time, they were to be poetical, and as far as possible removed from the *theatrical;* —and herein lay the difficulty,—conquered, I must say, with singular felicity. While the figure and action of the principal person are given with portrait-like fidelity, down to the very minutiæ of her dress, the accompaniments are generalized, and all that could recall the conventional stage arrange-

ments, and stage effects, has been carefully avoided. Thus they have all the value of truth, and all the charm of fancy. They appeal to the imagination and to the memory without recalling, for one moment, any associations but those of graceful movement and delicious song; and if the record I am about to trace should add to such associations some others, from a higher and a deeper source of interest, it will at least be not unworthy of its aim, and the motive which gave it birth.

Any one who had undertaken to write of Adelaide Kemble without knowing her personally, could never have done justice to her artistic excellence. For one, to whom she has long been personally known, to write of her merely as an artist, is very difficult.

It has been said, and with a plausible appearance of candour, that, in estimating the distinguished artist in any department of art, the moral qualities of the individual, apart from the manifestation of the genius, concern us not; that our business is with the processes mental, moral, or accidental (if anything *be* accidental), through which it is produced and perfected: that in bringing

these considerations to bear on the principal subject, we hazard injustice, if we do not offer indignity, to the object of our admiration. Yet to set such considerations wholly aside, what is it but to confound the artist with the artisan? It is a matter of indifference to me who made this table at which I write. It is no matter of indifference to me who wrote this book I read; from what mind emanated these words over which I have shed burning tears: whose hand fixed on the canvass these forms which are to me as a revelation from heaven. It is, on the contrary, of the highest import to me that I should *know* that which I must needs love, and be able to approve where I am called on to admire. The eager curiosity, the insatiate interest with which we seek to penetrate the characters, to disclose the existence of those on whom the public gaze has been fixed in delight and wonder, is among the strongest forms of human sympathy. We have been forced to feel their power through every pulse of our being:—in return we would "pluck out the heart of *their* mystery." This form of sympathy may be very inconvenient to its object, and sometimes very suspicious in its motive, and oftentimes very indiscreet in its application:

but to say that it is wrong, that it either can be, or ought to be, otherwise, is both false and absurd. *It is so;* and as long as human beings are constituted as they are, it *must be so.* What great artist ever lived and worked in this world with regard to whom fame was not "love disguised?" The genius which could be wholly analyzed without reference to the *personalité*, would be wanting in all that gives genius its value on earth,—the power of awakening to sympathy, and exciting to action. Where the moral qualities of the artist have not strongly influenced his art, that art, in its manifestation, has had no deep nor lasting influence on others. In fact, to unravel and divide the character, and setting aside the woman in all her womanly relations with society, exhibit only the artist, would be to convert the "burning and the shining light" into a hollow, flimsy transparency;—to set up what Carlyle calls a *simulacrum* in place of the living, breathing, heart-warming reality.

The true artist organisation fully developed by exercise of its predominant faculties, will always retain something child-like: I should even say, judging from examples I have met with, something *childish.* I use the word with no irreverence. The

Countess Faustina says, characteristically, "What I do not know, I cannot learn;" and so it often is with artist minds of a high order. Through passion, through power, through suffering, we effect much: unless to these are added faculties of comparison, reflection, sympathy—we do not learn much. And by sympathy I do not mean here the instincts of benevolence or pity, but the power of throwing one's own being into the being of another. The artist mind, on the contrary, absorbs other minds into itself; such characters are objects to others, they do not make objects of others, unless there be the desire to possess. The faculties through which we learn are precisely those which the artist either exercises not at all, or within a limited range: the judgment is not often brought to bear on realities; the sympathies recoil from the practical and flow into the imaginative part of the being. Hence it is that minds of this class, otherwise highly gifted and surprisingly developed in power of a particular kind, —artist minds, as long as they exist chiefly in and for their art, their faculties bent on working, creating, representing,—often remain immature in judgment, and unfitted to cope with the actual.

Experience either comes to them more slowly and at a later period than to most others; or, if it come, it teaches nothing; they never seem the wiser for it. In such minds experience is not material for conduct, but material for fancy, and their theory and their practice are found strangely and unconsciously at variance;—in short, they remain children; and—spite of all their faults and provocations—one is tempted to add, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven;" so ethereal are they, compared to those whose minds have been shaped by pressure of outer circumstances—like clay, instead of being developed from within, like the flower.

Some artist-natures, with which my own has been brought into contact, I have likened in my impatience to ill-managed wall-fruit—ripe, rich, blooming, luscious on one side; on the other, immature, defective, sometimes worse—hard, if not rotten.

How far in such natures we might bring the balance right, through watchful discipline and due cultivation, is a question:—how much might be gained, how much lost—for something would certainly be lost in the process—and how far such natures, and how far society, would be benefited by the result, are also questions not to be hastily

answered. One thing is certain, the Darteneufs in art would fare the worse; they would lose their "bite out of the sunny side of the peach."

Such reflections may appear rather too general and serious for the matter in hand,—the *éloge* of an accomplished singer; but they will not be deemed out of place, nor, as I trust, in danger of misapprehension, where the theme is such a woman and such an artist as Adelaide Kemble. With *her*, as with every true woman, the intellect and the genius were modified by the sensibilities and the moral qualities. With *her*, as with every great artist, her art was not a profession merely,—accidental and divisible from the rest of her existence: it was in her blood, in her being, a part of the material of her life. Was she not a Kemble born—the true daughter of her race? And though in her the artistic organization was more than balanced by large sympathies and warm affections, it was of force enough to give the bent to her disposition, and determine the vocation. Not that Adelaide Kemble could ever have found her sole, or even her highest happiness, in her theatrical vocation; not that the loftiest triumph of gratified ambition,

however nobly directed, could have sufficed to such a heart, " or have filled full the soul hungry for joy." But the experiment was to be tried. Till it had been tried, till a part of her life had flowed out in this, its natural direction, she never, as I firmly believe, could have entered with satisfaction, or a settled mind, or assurance in herself, on any other condition of existence.

Yet in her case, as in her sister's, there were prejudices to be overcome, or, at least, pre-arrangements to be set aside. She was first, at the age of seventeen, intended for a concert singer, without any view to the stage.* Her magnificent voice, naturally a contralto, was more remarkable at this time for volume and quality of tone, than for compass and flexibility. The range of power and execution necessary for a dramatic singer, was to be acquired only by long and profound study, and

* She made her first appearance, as a concert singer, in London, and subsequently at the York festival in 1834. She failed, or, at least, produced no effect. She had not been sufficiently prepared by study; her appearance was, I have heard, contrary to her own wishes, and she had not the free and entire use of her own powers, even as far as they were developed. It would be difficult for those who have seen her tread the stage in Semiramide to imagine, how timid she was, how *gauche*, how totally devoid of self-possession at this time, and for a long time afterwards.

incessant practice. To attain that command over her voice, which was to be with her a means, not an end, she went first to Paris, and placed herself under the tuition of Bordogni for three years. She then visited Germany; revisited England in the spring of 1838; and in the same year proceeded to Italy, for the purpose of practice and improvement.

Her first theatrical engagement was made for the Theatre at Trieste. On her way from Milan to Trieste, she was detained at Venice. The Impresario there, the Marchese Pallavicini, whose Prima Donna had failed, and who was at a loss how to finish his season, prevailed on her to appear for one night. This accident was the cause of her making her first appearance as a singer and actress on the stage of the Fenice, at Venice.

The opera was the "Norma;" her success complete, notwithstanding a degree of timidity and emotion which had nearly overpowered her self-possession. She sang in the same opera seven more nights at the other theatre, the San Benedetto, and with increasing effect and popularity. She then proceeded to fulfil her engagement at Trieste.

She remained in that city for about three

months, and sang with great success, first in the Gemma di Vergy, a poor part, and not well calculated either for acting or singing, and then in Ricci's "Nozze di Figaro." This last opera, though full of charming music, failed in consequence of two cabals at the same time,—Mazzucato's party, who wished his opera of "Esmeralda" to carry the day, and the party of Conte Tasca, whose wife (La Taccani) was the other Prima Donna, and who tried to make every thing fail in which *she* did not sing. This, perhaps, was the first initiation of a high and generous spirit into the mean intrigues and *tracasseries* of the Italian theatres. Long experience rendered such displays of selfishness and envious temper a mere matter of course; but even when use had lessened the amazement and disgust with which they were at first encountered, the sense of the painful and the ridiculous remained to the last.

From Trieste Adelaide returned to Milan, and made her first appearance at the Scala, in the "Lucia di Lammermoor." In consequence of one of those *intrigues de théâtre* to which I have alluded, and which, in this particular instance, had arrayed against her the whole corps d'opéra, and even the Impresario himself, she had nearly failed; but

recovered her hold on the public sympathies; maintained her position, and sang for sixteen nights with increasing success.

She then proceeded to Padua, and sang there in Mercadante's "Elena da Feltre" with the highest, the most enthusiastic applause. Then succeeded a long illness, produced by being called on to sing when under the influence of fever. During an interval of several months she did not appear before the public, at least not on the stage. She remained at Bologna, studying for the greatest part of the time, under the direction of Mercadante and Cartagenova,—the former the most profound musician, the latter the most accomplished lyrical actor, in Italy.

Her next appearance was at Mantua, where she sang in the "Lucia" and "Elena da Feltre" with complete success. Thence she proceeded to Naples, where she sang for ten months with increasing popularity, before the most fastidious audiences in Italy, in the "Beatrice di Tenda," the "Otello," the "Due Figaro," an opera buffa of Speranza; in the "Bravo" of Mercadante, the "Norma," and the "Sonnambula;" acquiring in

every new part added power, and added celebrity. She was at the height of her reputation, and might now have commanded her own terms on any stage in Italy, when the news of her father's dangerous illness recalled her suddenly to England. She arrived in London in April, 1841, after an absence of three years; during half that period she had sung in public, the rest of the time had been devoted to unremitting study of her art.

Of her existence in Italy taken altogether,—its vicissitudes, its triumphs, and its trials,—enough has been said as preparatory to her career in England: yet the retrospect suggests some reflections which may find a place here. In Italy, the *prestige* of her name, her acknowledged position in her own country, the highest qualities of mind and heart, absolutely went for nothing in the estimate formed of her publicly and privately; but as a secret source of self-respect, even there they availed much. They "bore her, dolphin-like, above the element she moved in." Brought into close contact with the meanly malignant rivalries, the vicious recklessness of a theatrical life, every way far below the lowest and the

worst we can imagine of the same existence here, she appears to have steered her course through all that was base and perilous, as one whom it could not touch,—as one who, morally speaking, bore a charmed life. True it is, that what was revolting and contemptible, was at the same time too open, gross, and palpable to present danger or perplexity to such a mind as hers. But this was not her only, nor her best safeguard.

Even in the depth of weariness and disgust, inspired by the low moral state of those around her, her appreciation of the beautiful and the good, wherever they were to be found, left her not without some sources of pure and heartfelt pleasure, apart from the exercise of her talents, and the triumphs of gratified ambition. A real, yet half-unconscious superiority, moral and mental, in which there mingled no alloy of bitterness or assumption, left her judgment free,—left her awake and alive to every circumstance in her artist-destiny which could strike a mind endowed with powers of reflection and comparison, as well as with true feelings and quick perceptions. Vile as were some of her forced associates, still there were to be found among them, and not seldom,

those elements of poetry with which her own poetical nature could assimilate, or, at least, could sympathise. In the intervals of her public engagements she lived in retirement, devoting herself wholly to the study of the scientific and practical difficulties of her profession, until she had achieved a perfect mastery over those vocal and mechanical processes through which the ardent mind within was to make itself heard and felt. Before she quitted Italy, the hereditary histrionic genius of her family, and her rare musical talent, both fully developed, and aided by those advantages which only Italian training can give the vocalist, had combined to place her, even there, as a lyrical actress beyond all competition, beyond all comparison, except with the remembered glories of Pasta and Malibran. In England she was viewed in another light, and had to go through a different ordeal.

To say that the women of the Kemble family owed their pre-eminence in their profession solely to professional talent, appears to me a great mistake. To say that they owed the interest and dignity with which they were invested in public,

and the position they held in private society, merely to their unsullied reputation in domestic life, is not only a mistake,—it is a positive insult to *them*, not less than to the many amiable and excellent women who have adorned the profession by virtues as well as by talents. No: it has been through every branch of this remarkable family the element of the *ideal* in aspiration and intellect—something more generous and elevated in their ambition—which has thus distinguished them; the prevalence of the poetical in the whole tone of the mind, interfused through all their artistic conceptions on the stage; and in private life a self-respect which ennobled at once themselves and their profession. Such women had a right to hold themselves above those of the *métier*—and they did so.

The world has been accused of regarding the profession of the stage with unjustifiable contempt;—but, without referring here to insolent prejudices which I have heard avowed, even there where they were most ungraceful and most ridiculous;—it seems to me, that the artists, taken as a class, must blame themselves for the low place they hold in the public estimation. I have known those of the profession who, in the midst of infinite personal assumption,

and a dependence on applause, almost mean in its excess, have affected to hold in absolute contempt the profession by which they lived,—to speak of it merely as a forced means of gaining a livelihood,—and to talk as if it were beneath them. Now this is pitiable, and the effect of it debasing. I have heard such professional people murmur bitterly against the pride of the Kembles and the Macreadys. They might reflect, that the pride from which their individual *amour propre* may suffer more or less, has raised their whole profession in the public estimation,—would raise it higher, if elevated principle and self-respect were a little more the rule,—not, as I am afraid it is, the exception.

We draw, or ought to draw, a wide distinction between what the French call *une artiste*, and what we and the Germans designate as *an artist* in the truer and higher, as well as the more general, sense of the word. *Une artiste*, in the French sense, may designate any woman who gains a livelihood by "public means,"—who sings, dances, acts: who considers her talent merely as a commodity, to be exchanged against so much gold

and silver. Her beauty, her grace, her art, her genius itself, are means only to an end, and that end the most vulgar, and altogether unsanctified—the acquisition of money for merely selfish purposes. Even if she lead what is usually termed and considered a *respectable* life, she is not preserved by any innate sense of her own dignity, or the dignity of her objects, from the one-sided influences of an engrossing profession and the faults incidental to, almost inseparable from it; of which the insatiate avidity for gain, and for applause as a means of gain, is not the worst. We ask nothing of such a woman but that she should do her work well, and give us the worth of our money. We consider the product merely, and much in the light she considers it herself: we pay her demand in solid gold or empty bravoes:—in the double sense, the labourer is worthy of her hire.

An artist, properly so called, is a woman who is not ashamed to gain a livelihood by the public exercise of her talent,—rather feels a just pride in possessing and asserting the means of independence,—but who does not consider her talent merely as so much merchandise to be carried to the best market, but as a gift from on High, for the use or

abuse of which she will be held responsible before the God who bestowed it. Being an artist, she takes her place as such in society,—stands on her own ground, content to be known and honoured for what she is; and conscious that, to her position as a gifted artist, there belongs a dignity equal to, though it be different from, rank or birth. Not shunning the circles of refined and aristocratic life, nor those of middle life, nor of any life;—since life, in all its forms, is within the reach of her sympathies; and that it is one of the privileges of her artist-position to belong to none—and to be the delight of all: she wears the conventional trammels of society just as she wears her *costume de théâtre:* it is a dress in which she is to play a part. The beautiful, the noble, the heroic; the affecting sentiments she is to utter before the public, are not turned into a vile parody by her private deportment and personal qualities—rather borrow from both an incalculable moral effect: while in her womanly character, the perpetual association of her form, her features, her voice, with the loveliest and loftiest creations of human genius, enshrines her in the ideal, and plays like a glory round her head. Meantime, an artist

among artists, identifying herself with their interests,—sympathising, helpful,—she keeps far aloof from their degrading competitions and sensual habits; and doomed to go in company with all that is most painful, most abhorrent to her feelings, — "turns that necessity to glorious gain."* She moves through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of her *behind-the-scenes* existence, without allowing it to trench upon the poetry of her conceptions; and throws herself upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public without being the slave of its caprices. She has a feeling that on the distinguished women of her own class is laid the deep responsibility of elevating or degrading the whole profession;—of rendering more accessible to the gifted and high-minded a really elegant and exalted vocation, or leaving it yet more and more a stumbling-block in the way of the conscientious and the pure-hearted.†

* "And doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed,—miserable train,—
Turns that necessity to glorious gain!"— *Wordsworth.*

† When writing this character of a female artist, I had Mrs. Henry Siddons in my mind, and in my heart. It is no ideal portrait, for such she was;—and had I not known that most excellent and admirable woman, I should not probably have con-

To the former class belong the greater number of those women, to whom we owe much that sweetens and embellishes life;—much of pleasurable sensation: of the latter class are the few exceptions, but such have been, and are among us.

When Adelaide Kemble prepared to make her *début* on the English stage, it was with the acknowledged determination to attain, by every possible exertion, distinction and independence: but it was also with some larger and less selfish views than are usually entertained by a young aspirant for public applause:—views which she frequently and earnestly discussed with such of her friends as could sympathise with them. She wished to naturalize the Italian lyrical drama, with all its beautiful capabilities, on the English stage; to cultivate a taste for a higher and better school of dramatic music. She said, after her first great

ceived or written it. One more eminently the gentlewoman in the highest, truest sense of the word, I have never met with. She left the stage after thirty-two years of professional life, "pure in the inmost foldings of her heart;"—preserving to the latest hour of her existence her faith in goodness, her fervent, yet serene piety, and a power of elevating the minds of all who approached her, through the simple moral dignity of her own nature, which I have never seen equalled. She died in October 1844.

success,—"Whatever may be the issue of this,—whether I eventually stand or fall,—whether I keep the high place I have won, or lose it,—I shall at least have opened a path for those who come after me;—a path, in which great things may be done, both for themselves and for the cause of dramatic music in England." And her intense perception of the grand and the beautiful in her own art,—and her rare power of realizing both,—rendered such enthusiasm, on her part, noble and worthy of all praise, which had sounded like presumption in any other. Such feelings, such views, became her well: there might have been moments of impatience, of despondency, when they were not consciously uppermost in her mind,—when they were even put aside as visionary,—but they were always *there*;—and I have not the slightest doubt that, by giving a loftier grace to her step, and to the expression of her fine face a more serious dignity, they enhanced her moral power over her auditors, and imparted, unconsciously, a profounder significance to the grand style of her acting.

Her first appearance on a London stage was

attended by circumstances, which lent it an extraordinary interest in the eyes of the public, and gave it some peculiar advantages and disadvantages as regarded herself. As the youngest daughter of that "Olympian dynasty," which had held and transmitted, through several generations, the sceptre of supremacy in her art, and which the whole English nation regarded with a just pride and reverence, she seemed to have a prescriptive right, not merely to the indulgence, but to the homage and affections of her audience. On the other hand, if the high name she bore was as a diadem round her brow, it was also a pledge of powers and talents not easily redeemed. It raised expectations not easily satisfied. Where there was genius, it was a grace the more;—"where virtue was, it was more virtuous:" it could impart an added splendour to the triumph of excellence; but on mediocrity and defeat it had stuck a fatal and lasting stigma. To any other in the same position, failure would have been a misfortune: to her it must have been disgrace. These were the advantages and disadvantages which, in the very outset, pressed upon her mind. How strongly, how acutely they were felt,—with what a mingled

throb of pride and apprehension she prepared to meet the ordeal,—those can tell who were near her in that hour of trial—and of triumph.

Then the Opera selected for her first appearance, the "Norma" of Bellini,—in some respects an excellent choice,—had also its difficulties and disadvantages. She had sung in it at Venice; it was associated with her first success; it was well calculated for her person and her features, which had the historical and poetical cast of the Kemble family; modified, however, by strong likeness to her mother. The music suited the natural and acquired qualities of her voice; and the character and situations were calculated to exhibit to advantage her style of acting—majestic, earnest, passionate. On the other hand, both the music and the character were so familiar, that the effect of novelty in either was wanting. Pasta, the original Norma, had left behind her undying recollections; and Grisi, the successor of Pasta on the stage of the Italian Opera, was then triumphant in her beauty, and at the height of her matured powers as singer and actress. The translation, though well executed on the whole, offered great difficulties to one who had been accustomed to sing the music to the

words for which it was composed, and who was now obliged to adapt the organs of her voice to a different enunciation of syllables and sounds. The cultivated taste, the exquisitely nice ear, revolted against the blending of awkwardly inverted words with notes for which they had no affinity. Milton speaks of "Music *married* to immortal verse;" this, to continue the metaphor, was a forced and unequal marriage, and threatened discord. The difficulty was, however, met and overcome, as it had been vanquished before by Malibran and others; but never so completely, so successfully, as by Adelaide Kemble. There were passages in the recitative in which her distinct and perfect articulation was felt through the music, and told most beautifully.

But to return to her first appearance, and the first impression it produced. Her entrance on the stage was a moment of intense interest. The audience gave her that enthusiastic welcome which, under the circumstances, was not merely a thing of course, but expressive of the cordial good-will and respect due to a Kemble. Then for a time all expression of feeling was hushed by expectation, perhaps by anxious doubt; the first effect was

produced by the sustained note at the conclusion of the first recitative, on the word *sever* (in Italian, "il sacro vischio *mieto*"): the wondering, delighted, breathless suspense in which it held her auditors, was succeeded by a short pause of absolute astonishment, and then by a general and deafening shout of applause. Still the more refined and enlightened portion of her audience withheld their judgment; they felt that this wonderful passage was, after all, a mere *tour de force*. They waited for higher proofs of higher powers. The execution of her first cavatina, the "*Casta Diva*," particularly of the *cabaletta* "*O bello a me ritorni!*" showed to advantage the capabilities of her voice. As the opera proceeded, more delicate touches of passion and feeling, especially in the first duet with Adalgisa, the fine opening of the trio, "*O di qual sei tu vittima;*" and the last scene of the first act, "*Vanne, si! mi lascia, indegno!*" displayed her power of tragic declamation, combined with musical science. Her impassioned and pathetic acting all through the last scenes showed how completely she had entered into her part as a whole; and the curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic demonstrations of applause and delight.

Speaking from recollection, I should say that the finest, the most impressive passage in the whole opera, both in vocal and in tragic power, was the deep, calm solemnity with which she commenced the duett, "In mia man alfin tu sei:" it was *terrible:*— and the power of her voice in the *sostenuto* passages told wonderfully all through this grand scena. I pass over some other effects; but must be allowed one observation, which is irresistibly suggested by my recollection of her in this particular part.

Though a consummate musician, Adelaide Kemble was not a mere singer. A larger range of reflection, an intellect more generally cultivated than is usual in her profession, had opened to her more extended views of her own art. She felt all the capabilities, all the fascinations, of the lyrical drama; but she had been nourished on Shakspeare, and felt the bounds within which, as a lyrical actress, her powers were to be circumscribed; felt, not without some impatience, the line which divides the opera-seria from legitimate tragedy; and was sometimes tempted *too* near the extreme-boundary of the former. The sacrifice of all verisimilitude as regards story and character is, in opera, a thing of course. Certain unreal and impossible premises

must be granted,—and are so;—but sometimes the necessity of sacrificing the truth of expression and character to the vocal intonation was felt as a sore infliction by one who, as I have observed, was not a mere singer. This led her, at times, into a fault not unworthy of a true daughter of the Kemble line. She was apt to sacrifice the music, the vocal intonation, to the more emphatic expression of character or passion. This was an absolute fault; and for this reason several passages in the Norma,—as for example, "*See the wretch—the wretch thou hast made me,*"—"*That I am a mother I may forget,*"—and the whole scene with Oroveso were imperfectly given to the last; she forgot the *vocalist* in the *tragedian.* Had she sung in Italian, this, perhaps, would not have occurred; and, at all events, had she remained on the stage, she would have surmounted the temptation thus nobly to err. Where the development of a character is restricted within the bounds of situation and emotion, and confined to certain effects, produced through a conventional medium, difficulties are to be vanquished, of which only the most gifted and intellectual among vocal artists, have a complete perception. Adelaide Kemble, as she saw beyond the limits within which she was to

circumscribe her aims, had all the more deeply reflected on whatever could possibly be achieved within those limits,—by propriety of accentuation and expression, and by adjusting to the music every variety of movement and attitude. A lyrical actress must not only be graceful; she must set grace to music, and measure it by time. If the figure do not bend; if the arm be not raised or lowered; the head thrown back; the step advanced, not only at a particular moment, but to a particular note, the result is discord to the nice ear and practised eye. But no teaching can give this, no study, no thought: only a most harmonious mind, to which the limbs and frame move in spontaneous accordance, can convey the impression of perfect ease and grace, where every motion and action is calculated. Lyrical acting is, in fact, a species of dance. Seldom is the musical organization so perfect as to combine in exquisite proportion the power of musical utterance with the sense of grace, as regards form and movement. Hence so few singers, particularly English and French singers, have been good performers.

Adelaide Kemble excelled in harmonious propriety of action and expression, and with her it

was partly the result of spontaneous impulse, partly of reflection. One instance among many reminded me of her aunt Siddons. It was recorded of that great actress, that she had, at different periods, adopted successively three different ways of giving one phrase in Lady Macbeth,—

"If we fail—we fail."

At first with a quick contemptuous interrogation, —"We fail?" as if indignant at the implied doubt. Afterwards with the note of admiration, and an accent of astonishment, laying the emphasis on the word *we*,—"*we* fail!" Lastly, she fixed on what must appear to all the true reading, and consistent with the fatalism of the character,—"We fail."—with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, as if she had said,— "If we fail, why then *we fail*, and all is over."

In the same manner Adelaide Kemble varied certain effects, after due consideration of the true significance of the character as bearing on the situation and the momentary feeling. In the "Norma," in that fine scene and duett with Pollio, when she sees her faithless lover at her mercy, she had tried three different intonations in giving the phrase,—*E tua vita ti perdono:* at first with a

bitter contempt for what she gave; next with a scorn of him to whom she gave it; lastly, with a tremulous relenting in the voice, which was inexpressibly touching, and in accordance with the feeling suggested by the words which follow,—*E non più ti rivedrò!* The last was doubtless the true expression. These successive alterations were remarked and appreciated by an Italian audience. I am not sure that her English audience would have proved either so sensitive or so discriminating.

The people showed themselves, however, not unworthy of the bright vision which had risen upon them, nor slow in appreciating the intelligence, the feeling, and the musical science, which surpassed all that had yet been seen on the English stage. Those who differed at first with regard to the precise rank she was to hold as a singer were at least agreed in this, that no English vocalist had ever yet approached her as an actress. Every night she sang she gained on the affections and the judgment of the public; and those who had long forsaken the theatre as a place of amusement became for her sake *habitués*.

The crowds which flocked to the representation

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of the "Norma" had not diminished even after forty repetitions, and the excitement was still at its height when she appeared (January 23, 1842) in the "Elena Uberti," an English version of the "Elena da Feltre" of Mercadante, in which she had sung with so much applause at Padua and at Naples. But of all the operas in which she appeared here this was the least popular. The music was *a pasticcio*, with a *scena* from Pacini (the "Il soave e bel contento"), and a finale from the "Emma di Antiocho." The rest of the opera, though extremely well put together—"gut instrumentirt," as the Germans say—had little of either melody or originality. The situations, though striking, were commonplace. With all these disadvantages, and a confined canvass, there were points in which she displayed a power of tragic acting beyond anything in the "Norma;" and though the opera failed in effect, she herself rose higher than ever in the estimation of the public—particularly in the last scene of despair and madness. To go mad to music, and to preserve, in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion, the vocal effects and the harmonious grace of movement, so that all shall be *calculated instinctively*, (if I may so express myself,) and keep time with the

orchestral accompaniments, is one of the greatest difficulties—and, when vanquished, one of the greatest triumphs—of lyrical acting.

The transition from the grandeur of Norma and the deep tragedy of the "Elena Uberti" to the gaiety of the "Figaro," was a trial and a proof of the versatility of her talent. Those who had allowed and admired her capabilities for tragic acting, and her effective execution of modern Italian music, seemed uncertain how far she was fitted for the opera buffa, or how far she might be trusted with the classic melodies of Mozart. Such doubts were soon dissipated. Of all her triumphs, the part of Susanna was, perhaps, the most brilliant. She not only understood, she revelled in the beauty of the music. She sang it with a purity of style which fully evinced her real taste and correct judgment; and, at the same time, with an exuberance of delight which seemed to overflow throughout the part, and in which her audience sympathised cordially. If, in her conception of the character, there was a little too much of dignity and refinement for the Susanna of Beaumarchais, it was only the more true to the musical version of the charac-

ter, as conceived by Mozart. We cannot but feel how much his charming music, so earnest and passionate in the midst of its gaiety, had been desecrated by the common stage-representation of a mere romping chambermaid. Adelaide Kemble felt, with exquisite taste, how false, with all its apparent literalness, would have been such an impersonation of Mozart's Susanna. There was no want of archness, of sprightliness, of buoyant animal spirits; but all melodized, all softened by the truth of the lyrical effect; thus combining attention to the original spirit of the character, and to the spirit infused into it by Mozart. That fine cavatina in the last scene, "*Deh vieni,—non tardar,*" generally omitted on the Italian stage, was retained; and she sang it with such admirable taste and pathos, and such a finished delicacy of style, that, among musicians, this success crowned her as a first-rate vocal artist. But the manner in which she gave the famous air, *Voi che sapete che cosa e amor*, was as fine as a piece of vocalism, as it was novel and exquisite as an example of her consummate judgment in comic acting. It was marked by such a feeling of propriety and expression, regarding this song as a part of a whole, that

it may be mentioned here as a lesson in art. At first, when she has snatched the page's song out of his hand, she began with a sort of ironical air, and a glance at him and the countess, as if consciously expressing *his* sentiments; but she proceeded as if hurried away by her feeling of the sentiment, and continued her song with more and more of heartfelt expression, as if forgetting, till she approached the conclusion, that she was personating another. In general, this air, which belongs to Cherubino, but is always given to Susanna, is sung as a mere *pièce de prétention*, as if to the audience or the stage-lamps, without reference to the action or the business of the scene—all truth of situation, all *vraisemblance* forgotten.

In this opera the recitative was omitted, and the dialogue substituted,—not the witty dialogue of Beaumarchais, but a translation of the very insipid and pointless dialogue of the Italian libretto, and of this only just so much as was necessary to connect the songs. Still it was delightful to hear, for the first time, the speaking tones of a voice which seemed to be made up of music. Her perfect and beautiful enunciation was pronounced to be "worthy of the school in which it was formed," and the

easy grace of her movements and the charming *naïveté* of some of her scenes, recalled her mother to the recollection of all who had seen that delightful actress in the days of her youth and beauty.

The "Sonnambula," in which she had sung at Naples with brilliant success, was her next triumph; and the part of Amina was certainly one of those in which she produced the greatest effect on the English stage. In this opera she had to sustain a formidable comparison with two of the most accomplished singers the world has yet seen—Malibran and Persiani. The "Sonnambula" was a part in which Pasta had never produced a pleasing effect, because she was *too* great. She threw into the peasant girl too much of the tragic heroine—too much weight and grandeur. Malibran had too much passion and vehemence—too much of the gipsy. Persiani was a little too ladylike. Adelaide Kemble had conceived the character differently, and, as I think, more truly than any one of these great artists. She delineated the simple, affectionate, joyous country girl overtaken by a misery against which she has no defence, not even in her innocence. She made a gentle, confiding tender-

ness the predominant sentiment in her impersonation, as it is of the music; and to this conception of the character, sustained from first to last with infinite delicacy and consistency, she was content to sacrifice some of those brilliant and wonderful effects which, as a singer, she might have produced had she been so minded. For instance, in singing the last *bravura*, "Ah! non giunge uman pensiero," she neither aimed at the sparkling grace and triumphant rapture with which the enchantress Malibran had poured it forth, as from some fountain of song in the depths of her own soul, looking the while half gipsy and half sibyl, nor did she emulate the elegance and elaborate finish which characterised Persiani in the same song; but she gave it more of sentiment than either, and here and there with a touch of tremulous feeling, in which the rich tones of pleasure seemed to vibrate to a past but recent sorrow. When asked why she had varied from the usual style of execution in this particular song, and from the more obvious expression, she replied, with quick feeling, "What! do you think the poor girl has forgotten in a few moments all the agonies she has passed through?" I have said that, of all her parts, this was one of

the most successful. It was also the one most severely trying to her strength and feelings. She frequently fainted after or during the performance; and, to the last, never sang in it without being exhausted by her own emotions.

On the first of October in this year, after a tour of a few months in the provinces, she made her first appearance in the "Semiramide." From the representation of the lively *Cameriera* and the gentle, heart-stricken Amina; from the profound soul-thrilling music of Mozart and the tender melodies of Bellini, she stepped at once into the impersonation of the haughty Assyrian Queen, and lent her charming voice to the brilliant spirit-stirring airs of Rossini.

On her first appearance in the "Semiramide," it was my impression that either she had pitched her conception a tone and a half too low, or that she was disabled by her nervous terror and want of self-reliance,—by the very sensibility, in short, which was the charm of her acting as of her character,—from working out her conception in all its strength. She made the *woman* predominate throughout, whereas the Assyrian Queen ought to do so; in the first place, because more true to the traditional

character; secondly, because distinguishing the *rôle* from others of the same class, as the Norma and the Medea; lastly, because the barbaric pomp of the music bears out this reading of the part. It is true that we have strains here and there of voluptuous tenderness, but these are lost immediately in the clash of cymbals, and the rich, tumultuous, triumphant orchestral effects. It was not till after the third or fourth representation, that the character assumed that colouring of grandeur and power which it afterwards retained; and from this time she sung it better and better every night;—but it remained a feminine and peculiar conception to the end.

In the "Semiramide" she had to contend with undying recollections of Pasta. Next to the Medea it had been the grandest effort of that unequalled artist. It was perhaps fortunate for Adelaide Kemble that she had never witnessed Pasta's performance of this character; that she was left, untrammelled by any influences or recollections, to work out her own conception, which differed altogether from that which Pasta had originated, and which Grisi and others had adopted, with more or less success.

Pasta had conceived the part in a tone of greatness, in which the imperious queen predominated over the woman. In her impersonation, Semiramide was a magnificent barbaric heroine, who could feel love, hatred, fury, scorn, but hardly fear or remorse, still less tenderness. Adelaide, on the contrary, had conceived the Semiramide as a voluptuous and despotic queen, in whom, amid crimes of the darkest die, the woman still predominated. The music of this opera, fascinating as it is, and full of fine dramatic effects, has yet little originality, character, or solidity. It is deficient in style,—it is precisely of that kind on which an accomplished singer could stamp her own conception. In this respect how different from the music of Mozart!—so full of dramatic individuality, that he obliges the singer to adopt his conception of a character, or falsify it altogether, and produce a palpable discord. In singing Mozart, her instinctively fine taste had impelled her to defer to the feeling of the composer, even where that diverged from the more obvious truth of the situation; for instance, she made Susanna poetical, because all the music she sings is passionate and poetical; but in singing the Semiramide she felt quite at liberty

to interpret the music as she chose. It was altogether a beautiful and consistent delineation in the singing and in the acting. For example, in the scene with the spectre, in giving the passage—

"Atroce palpita
M'opprima l'anima,"

she displayed more of terror; Pasta, in the same scene, less fear, and more horror, not unmingled with a sort of defiance. Throughout this scene Adelaide's voice trembled—she herself trembled. Pasta did not tremble, but sank her voice to a fearful hollow tone, low as the deepest whisper, yet distinctly audible. It was quite consistent with Adelaide's conception, that, in the extremity of sudden terror, she should cling for support to the arm of Assur, and the next moment shrink from him in disgust,—and it was finely imagined. In Pasta's representation such an action had been wholly inconsistent and unnatural. This distinction was still more marked in the famous duet with Assur, in the second Act. And I do not hesitate to say, that her conception here was superior to that of Pasta,—more varied, more delicately felt, both in the action and in the musical expression. The predominant sentiment, as Pasta

sang and acted this scena, was not so much remorse for her crime as indignant scorn of her accomplice. This was the colouring throughout. Adelaide displayed all the successive passions and shades of passion which, under such circumstances, would overwhelm the soul of the insulted queen, and the guilty trembling woman. At one moment she grasped her poignard as though she would have struck it to the traitor's heart: the next, she cowered, she writhed under his threats and reproaches, her bowed head and clasped hands seemed to implore his forbearance; and none can easily forget the look of horror with which she glanced round, as he sang the words

"L'ombra terribile
Del tuo consorte
Che minacciòso
Infra le tenebre, &c.

as if the very air was filled with avenging furies. The exulting *stretto* —

"Regina e Guerriera
Punirti saprò"——

was a magnificent display of passion, power, fine acting, and vocal science. I have known the audience in the midst of this passage as if absolutely

carried away as she ran up the notes to the top of her voice and swept across the stage, break into an involuntary shout of admiration, as instantly repressed, and again "they held their breath for a time!" Most true to her conception of the part, and inexpressibly touching and beautiful in itself, was the smile gleaming through tears, and the pathetic, tremulous intonation with which, in the famous duet, "Giorno d'orrore!" she gave the words, "E di contento!" Nothing, throughout her whole career, gave me a more vivid impression of her capabilities as a first-rate intellectual artist, than did this profound and exquisite touch of feeling, whether the result of impulse, or of reflection, or both.

On the 5th of November, in this year, she gave us the "Matrimonio Segreto." As in the "Figaro," the recitative was omitted, and there was only as much dialogue retained as was absolutely necessary to connect the songs by the thread of an intelligible story. The English version was, however, executed with unusual spirit and felicity. And never, perhaps, were the enchanting melodies of Cimarosa given in a more perfect style, nor with

a finer feeling of their tender beauty and arch significance. Her execution of the part of Carolina was an example of the purely simple and classical Buffa singing, with a thorough appreciation of its true character; and her acting throughout was as effectively charming and piquante. This Opera and the "Figaro" were those in which she sang with most pleasure to herself and least physical exertion. The conclusion of the performance always found her untired in voice and spirits,—often in a state of buoyant excitement; and I do not recollect that she ever came off the stage without some strong expression of rapturous delight in the beauty of the music.

Her brief career of successive triumphs was now drawing to a close. She had, in one short year, given evidence of the wide range of her powers—a range as wide as ever was taken by any lyrical actress. She had shown herself on the stage, or in the concert-room, perfectly at home in every school,—every style of music. She had sung Mercadante, Donizetti, Bellini; she had sung Mozart, Cimarosa, Weber. In the "Norma," and the "Semiramide," and the "Sonnambula," she had emulated

Pasta and Malibran. In the famous *scena* of the "Der Frieschutz," she had competed with Schröder Devrient. She had sung the "Erl-König" and the "Ave-Maria" of Schubert, and made every pulse throb or tremble to the music; and she had drawn tears in "Auld Robin Gray."* Those who had watched her progress as a dramatic singer felt that, in her departure, the stage had sustained a loss never to be replaced; and, as yet, it has so proved. Some,

* Among the songs she sang most beautifully were Mendelsohn's "*Frühlings-lied;*" Schubert's "*Hark, hark the lark;*" and Dessauer's "*Ouvrez, ouvrez.*" The same composer set for her Alfred Tennyson's fine ballad, "*We were two Daughters of one Race,*" which she sang divinely; it was like a scene out of a tragic drama; and the style in which she sang it was suitable to the words and to the music: but I could not say the same of "*Auld Robin Gray,*" which she made *too dramatic.* It ought to be sung as the "spinners and the knitters in the sun" would sing it, not like an air out of the "Sonnambula:"—this, at least, was my own feeling, but others felt differently. When she sang "Auld Robin Gray" for the first time in public, the venerable Bishop of Kildare, the brother of Lady Anne Lindsay, was present: as soon as the performance was over, he came up to thank and compliment the singer, but was so much moved as to be scarcely able to speak. In referring afterwards to this incident, her own eyes sparkled and filled with tears, showing how strongly she felt the moral power of her art. It should seem, however, that the true ballad style is incompatible with the dramatic style, for notwithstanding the improvement in general power, she never sang ballads so well after her return from Italy as before she went there: the manner was too *intense* for the subject.

who knew what her own aspirations had been, ardently wished that, before her retirement, she had appeared in three characters especially suited to her person, her mind, and her vocal powers;—the Iphigenia, the Medea, and the Donna Anna.

For the first, she was fitted by her deep appreciation of all that constitutes ideal grandeur of style in impersonation as in song. She would have entered into the Iphigenia as conceived by Euripides and by Goëthe, and steeped its statue-like beauty in the music of Glück. In the Medea she would have entered the lists with Pasta, and would have given us, probably, a new version of that grand impersonation; for Adelaide Kemble could never (overflowing as she was with original power) have been an imitator of any one; and her Medea would certainly, like her Semiramide, have derived a colouring from her own individual temperament and genius. The Donna Anna of Mozart she had studied, and had resolved on adopting that view of the character which is suggested in Hoffmann's poetical critique of the "Don Juan." In her impersonation, Donna Anna would not have been merely a lady walking about the stage with a dignified air, lamenting and singing in deep mourning. She

had conceived the character not merely as a part to sing, but as a grand tragic *rôle;* as it is developed in the passionate and luxuriant music of Mozart, not merely as it is set forth in the words of the *libretto.* She intended to give it a depth of colouring such as no singer had ever imparted, or thought of imparting to it before. This, and far more, we might have looked for from her. But her retirement took place under circumstances which those who most admired her could least regret; and her last appearance, like her first, was accompanied by incidental associations which rendered it as peculiar and touching as it was memorable. Her career had been so short!—so crowded by triumphs, which had left the public almost breathless! Musical critics had decided, "that tried even by the standard of Pasta and Malibran, she maintained, through original power and intellect, her own high place:—measured against all English competitors and predecessors, she stood alone, and supreme." Yet they had scarcely come to this decision, when she was snatched from their sight, like Iphigenia from the eager gaze of the multitude, to sacrifice, or *be* sacrificed, at a holier shrine. She disappeared so suddenly and at such

a height of popularity, it was as if she had been spirited away by some enchanter.

She left the stage before her profession had been vulgarized to her by habit,—before the excitement of applause had become to her like an intoxicating drug. Her art was not yet to her a *métier*,—it had still poetry left for her. Her voice still trembled,—her hand still turned ice-cold after a scene of passion or emotion. She was in the bloom of health, youth, and strength;—she had intellect, energy, physical power;—she was gaining, every hour, in finish and certainty of execution, in grace and smoothness of action;—and she retired, with her wreath of glory yet fresh and budding round her brow, and while the sympathy between her and her audience had all the novelty and enthusiasm of a first love. She chose, for her last appearance in public, the *Norma*. In this character she had appeared on her *debût* at Venice in 1838, when she passed the Rubicon which separates a private from a public existence. In this character she had produced her first great effect in England. She wished to take leave of her audience, under the same semblance in

which she had captivated and conquered them. She had not faltered in her resolution, which had become a duty: she could not for a moment regret the change from a brilliant, but troubled existence, to an honoured and tranquil home,—but she had sufficient sensibility to feel that this was not merely a parting, but a sacrifice; that, in taking leave of the stage,—that arena of glory for all her family,—she was renouncing her vocation, and her birthright. She sat for some time weeping in her dressing-room, trying in vain to regain composure. Behind the scenes—where all was usually noise and gossip—reigned a sort of funereal silence. From her companions, who were accustomed to sing with her, and to derive inspiration from her genius, down to the lowest officials of the theatre,—all of whom she had won by multiplied kind offices, and by her frank and gentle bearing,—there was not one who did not look serious, if not sad: some were even in tears. Before the curtain there was an immense house, —hushed, yet, now and then, breaking into sounds of impatience,—for there was some unusual delay. The overture and first scenes were scarcely listened to; and, when she appeared,—the whole

audience, rising simultaneously, greeted her with such an acclaim as made the very walls shake. Overpowered, so as to lose all self-possession, she covered her face with her hands—and still keeping her majestic attitude by the Druid altar—stood still,—the tears streaming,—her whole frame trembling: at last, making a motion as if to implore forbearance, the shouts of applause subsided, and she made a desperate effort to commence. In vain!—the sounds were choked—suffocated. After a struggle, almost painful to witness, she clasped her hands together; and, leaning her face on the altar, fairly gave way to uncontrollable emotion. There was a short pause of deep silence, respect, and sympathy;—then the feelings of the excited audience burst forth again in prolonged acclamations.

At length she gained sufficient self-possession to begin. Her voice was at first feeble, husky, scarce audible; but, gathering courage as she proceeded, she gave the "Casta Diva" with something of her usual spirit and brilliance,—was encored,—succeeded better,—and went through the rest of the part with the more energy, perhaps, from the state of excitement and emotion into which she had

been thrown; and, certainly, she never acted more magnificently. She made no attempt at a farewell address; but, picking up a wreath of laurel, and a bouquet from among those flung at her feet, she pressed them to her lips, and, with an expressive look and gesture, and a gentle inclination of the head, disappeared. On recovering herself, in her dressing-room, she looked at the laurel-wreath and flowers, still clasped in her hand, and exclaimed, with a gush of mournful feeling: "What! —is it all over?—And is this *all* that remains?"

No—NOT ALL!

III.

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES,

AND MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH THEM.

THE XANTHIAN MARBLES:

(May, 1844.)

The fragments of antique art brought hither from the Syrian coast since the first expedition of Sir Charles Fellows, in 1842, have now been long enough in the British Museum to be familiar to the public—that is, familiar as objects of sight, of attention, of speculation; but still, to the contemplative and poetical visitor, invested with all that vague, solemn interest, that strange charm which indefinite age and ungratified curiosity sheds over the unknown,—

> " —— For time consecrates;
> And what is grey with age becomes religion."

Every day people may be seen gazing up in wonder at that mysterious Harpy Tomb which, in spite of the disquisitions and interpretations of the learned, remains still an enigma and a stum-

bling-block. And hither, from all the learned Societies at home or abroad, arrive antiquarians, historians, artists, all eager to investigate, to examine, to compare;—some anxious to prop up old theories;—others full of some new hypothesis which is to invalidate old systems;—some poring over "arrow-headed" inscriptions;—some examining the vestiges of colour which once gave added relief and more vivid beauty to these memorials of a style of art which could only have existed in the softest and the sunniest of climates. Without being either professed historian, or professed antiquarian, or professed anything, one must be dull indeed, and forgetful of the earliest associations, the brightest images, which poetry and history have enshrined in the young fancy, could we walk among these relics without a thrill of awe,—so do they strike, and almost bewilder, the imagination! It is understood that no further expedition to this part of Asia is contemplated, either by our Government, or by the enterprising and public-spirited traveller to whom we owe these important acquisitions;—all has been removed which has been considered either as removable or worth removing,—and the XANTHIAN

COLLECTION may now be considered as complete. Since the marbles of the Parthenon arrived in this country, and were placed in the Museum, we have made no acquisitions even approaching these Lycian monuments in value; and though they may not vie with the faultless productions of the golden age of Grecian sculpture in intrinsic beauty as works of art, yet have they a kind of interest altogether distinct and peculiar, and not less in degree, than that with which vainly emulative and admiring ages have invested those sublime fragments, the awful Fates and animated Metopes of the Parthenon.

All the associations, whether of persons, places, or events, connected with the Parthenon marbles, stand out in our fancy clear and defined; their origin, date, history, vicissitudes, are perfectly known. The age which produced them was an age of light, compared with that to which we must refer the oldest of the Xanthian remains. Then, to borrow Coleridge's beautiful expression, "Greece was the thinking head and beating heart of the universe." When we think of the Parthenon we think of Phidias,—when we think of Phidias

we think of Polygnotus, and of Sophocles, and Euripides, Herodotus, Pericles,—perhaps also of Aspasia. Heroes, poets, painters, sculptors, move before us; not dim, not spectral, but clear and bright and defined, like a procession of figures in a marble bas-relief. We are as familiar with the former locality of these works as if we had dwelt beside them; the Acropolis of Athens is a picture in the mind's eye, fixed there since infancy: but the land from which these Xanthian marbles come to us is comparatively an unknown land—a far-off, alien shore—a land of poetic dreams. Its princes are shadowy demi-gods; its people—we know not even by what name to call them; their history is poetry—their poetry history; their annals must be sought in Homer and Herodotus; and nothing is more strange and interesting in these fragments than their connexion with the tales and traditions of the old fathers of poetry and history,—more nearly allied in truth than the insolence of modern scepticism has deemed them allied in fiction. Here art, and poetry, and history, mutually illustrate each other: obscure words are interpreted through defined forms; mysterious shapes become intelligible memorials, illuminated by the old Greek

song; events and personages, which had become dim, hypothetical existences, here start into forms instinct with significance and life.

What a region was all that southern shore of Asia Minor! How the imagination kindles with enthusiasm and dilates with wonder when we think of it! A land swarming with populous cities, so that in a single day's journey one may count the ruined sites of twenty;—a land of wondrous beauty and fertility, of countless rivers flowing to the sea through valleys studded with temple-like trophies in honour of forgotten deeds, and tombs of the nameless dead rising like towers against the sky! Everywhere the traces of a people equally remarkable for their acquaintance with all the softer elegances of life, and their unconquerable spirit of independence; with whom, as with all the Hellenic tribes, however and wherever dispersed, the love of freedom and the love of beauty went ever hand in hand. Here was the scene, if not the birth-place, of those wild, but really profound myths, in which the seers of old shadowed forth the influences and aspects of nature, and the instincts of sentient life, until the stars and seasons

of the firmament and the passions and powers of humanity became, in the creative fancy of the poets, fair existences, and, through the operation of divine art, fixed and lovely shapes. Here reigned Bellerophon, who slew the Chimæra, and Sarpedon, who was borne by Sleep and Death from the battle-plain of Troy to his tomb on the banks of the Xanthus. Hither Latona, flying from Delos, brought her heavenly offspring to bathe them in the sacred river. Hither came the Amazons—sweeping over the land and leaving behind them wonderful legends of feminine prowess, and famous colonies and cities,—then retiring again, like a sea-wave, to their empire by the Euxine shores. Here successive nations struggled for the possession of the loveliest and fruitfulest land under the sun, and left, for the astonishment and admiration of future ages, vestiges of their power, their arts, their worship;—but, like their opposite neighbours the Egyptians, and unlike their European progenitors the Greeks, the grandest, most beautiful, most enduring memorials they have left behind them, are not the dwellings appointed for their gods, but the dwellings appointed for their dead.

And now that these most extraordinary relics lie around us, unarranged as yet—as yet but half-explained, half-understood, but gathered together within the walls which are to contain them, as long as England remains a nation—it seems a fitting time to take a rapid view of the entire collection; leaving to deep-read scholars and antiquaries the discussion of those conflicting theories and interpretations of which they are already the subject, in France and Germany, as well as in England, but borrowing, without scruple, from all available authorities, whether English or foreign, as we go along.

The Xanthian marbles, as they are properly denominated, (for all are from the city of Xanthus, though illustrated by Drawings and Casts from the neighbouring cities of Tlos, Telmessus, Pinara, Myra, Cadyanda,) may be considered under four classes: 1. The earliest works, *Greco-Lycian*, we may term them for the present, for want of a better designation; 2. the Greco-Persian, as combining Grecian workmanship with Persian story; 3. the Greco-Roman; 4. the Byzantine and early Christian relics: and to these may be added a fifth

division, consisting of a series of Drawings and Plans prepared under the direction of Sir Charles Fellows, representing the localities whence the Marbles have been brought, and their appearance on the original sites;—the characteristic scenery; views of the objects left behind, which it has not been found possible or expedient to remove; copies of inscriptions, and a collection of coins of the confederated cities of Lycia; forming altogether a most beautiful and complete series of illustrations, which are to be placed in the British Museum; and it is to be hoped, so placed as to be rendered generally and easily accessible.

1. The most important of the relics which may be included in the first class,—the earliest in point of date and the most valuable in the eyes of the antiquary,—are four stupendous tombs or monuments. Two of the *Stele*, or pillar form, (a high square column with a hollow chamber or sarcophagus at top, and a flat projecting cover,) which, from the most conspicuous of their sculptured ornaments, have been styled the Lion Tomb, and the Harpy Tomb; and two of that form, which

Sir Charles Fellows has denominated *gothic-shaped*, consisting of a lofty square pedestal of three stories; the lowest hollow, the next solid, and the third hollow, with a vaulted top or cover, surmounted by an upright ridge, forming at each end a sort of arch, like the pointed Gothic in shape. The cover and sides of these peculiar shaped tombs are sometimes plain, sometimes covered with inscriptions or sculpture. Those brought away are the only highly ornamented specimens which have been found, and, from the sculptured subjects, have been denominated, by Sir Charles Fellows, the *Chimæra Tomb* and the *Winged-Chariot Tomb*.*

The most ancient of the stele or square pillar-shaped tombs—perhaps the oldest of all the sculptured specimens brought over—is the Lion Tomb, placed in the Museum in the summer of 1844; and which is singularly interesting and remarkable, as linking these Xanthian remains with known

* I am informed that Sir Charles Fellows has given up the title of the "Winged-Chariot Tomb," from an impression that the supposed wing is, in fact, another object. In Mr. Lloyd's Essay "On the Nereid Monument" it is referred to as the Tomb of the Satrap.

examples of Babylonian and Persepolitan art, thus affording indirect evidence of the Oriental relations of the early people of this country. The two lions crouching down, and with an extraordinary half human expression, are quite Persepolitan; and the figures at the end exhibit the group of the man, with a sort of Egyptian peruke, wrestling with and slaying the upright Lion, a mythological or astronomical emblem continually repeated in the Persian and Babylonian relics. These extraordinary slabs of marble, which formed the chamber at the top of the stele, have been engraved in Sir Charles Fellows's "Lycia," p. 176.

The frieze which surrounds the top of the Harpy Tomb was one of the first brought here, and it has been placed in the Museum since April 1842. It is considered by classical scholars as the earliest extant specimen of the heroic age of Greece, and, except the Lions over the gates of Mycenæ, the only one.* There is a small wooden model of the whole Tomb, as it stood on the ori-

* See a very clever and elegantly written pamphlet, entitled "Some Remarks on Art, with Reference to the Studies of the University," published at Oxford in 1846.

ginal site, placed near it, so that the form, as well as the external ornaments of this extraordinary relic, have become familiar to the most uninformed of the visitors to the Museum; it stood, as Sir Charles Fellows has described it, on the brow of the Acropolis of Xanthus, so close upon the theatre built subsequently, that it seems to have interfered with the course of the seats,—to have been an ever-present object to actors and audience; —and what an awfully grand object standing up amid their scenic and festive exhibitions! It consisted of a square shaft in one huge block, about seventeen feet in height, weighing about eighty tons; upon the top of this shaft was a hollow chamber for the dead, surrounded by the bas-reliefs in white marble, three feet six inches high. Upon these rested the square projecting cover or capstone, weighing from fifteen to twenty tons. The bas-reliefs of this monument are in a style of art of which but one other example exists in Europe, a celebrated marble now in the Villa Albani, and quoted by Winkelman as the most ancient specimen of Greek sculpture known in the world. Sir Charles Fellows procured a cast from this marble when he was at Rome last spring, and this being now placed near the Xanthian bas-relief, the im-

mediate comparison leaves no doubt of the identity of age and style.

At each end of the north and south sides of this frieze is a harpy, flying outwards, and holding in her talons a draped female figure; below one harpy is seen a fifth female, kneeling, and covering her face with her hands. That these figures represent a form of the old Homeric legend of the daughters of King Pandarus, which interpretation was first suggested by Mr. Benjamin Gibson, at Rome, seems now generally admitted. Pandarus of Crete steals the living golden dog, fabricated by Vulcan, from the temple of Jupiter. The father of the gods avenges this theft by the destruction of Pandarus, whose orphan daughters are brought up by the goddesses. Venus nourishes them with honey and wine; Juno endows them with beauty and intellect; Diana gives them tallness of stature; Minerva teaches them to sew and to weave. When they are of a proper age Venus is about to bestow husbands on them; but Jupiter, whose vengeance is not yet satisfied, sends the harpies, by whom they are snatched away and carried into Tartarus. The story is thus related by Penelope in the twentieth book of the Odyssey;—

And so these daughters fair of Pandarus,
The whirlwinds took. The gods had slain their kin:
They were left orphans in their father's house.
And Aphrodite came to comfort them
With incense, luscious honey, and fragrant wine:
And Herè gave them beauty of face and soul
Beyond all women. Purest Artemis
Endowed them with her stature and white grace,
And Pallas taught their hands to flash along
Her famous looms. Then, bright with deity
Toward far Olympus, Aphrodite went
To ask of Zeus (who has his thunder-joys
And his full knowledge of man's mingled fate)
How best to crown those other gifts with love
And worthy marriage!—but what time she went
The ravishing Harpies snatch'd the maids away,
And gave them up, for all their loving eyes,
To serve the Furies who hate constantly! *

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* For this elegant translation, I am indebted to Miss Barrett; and I cannot resist giving here another translation of the same passage, from the same pen, so literal as to be almost line for line, and at the same time imitating, with singular felicity, the rolling of the Greek hexameters.

So the storms bore the daughters of Pandarus out into thrall—
The Gods slew their parents; the orphans were left in the hall.
And there, came, to feed their young lives, Aphrodite divine,
With the incense, the sweet-tasting honey, the sweet-smelling wine:
Herè brought them her wit above woman's, and beauty of face;
And pure Artemis gave them her stature, that form might have grace:
And Athenè instructed their hands in her works of renown;
Then, afar to Olympus, divine Aphrodite moved on;

To

That this catastrophe is aptly significant of death, and therefore a fit ornament for a funeral monument, seems clear: and Pandarus having been worshipped in the valley of the Xanthus, gives it a peculiar interest and propriety when found decorating a Xanthian tomb. To interpret the rest of the sculpture is not so easy. One of the seated figures on the west side has been supposed to be Aphrodite, or Venus, and before her the three Graces, closely draped, as they are always represented in early Greek art: opposite is Herè, or Juno, also on her throne; and before her the cow and her calf, emblematical of Io and her son. Others are of opinion, that the throned figures represent Demeter and Persephone, (Ceres and Proserpine,) with the Horæ, or Seasons. Authorities not having agreed as to the significance of the sculptures on the other three sides, I will not presume to anticipate learned opinions. It is evident that colour has been used in every part, some traces of which remained when the fragments were dis-

To complete other gifts, by uniting each girl to a mate,
She sought Zeus, who has joy in the thunder and knowledge of fate—
Whether mortals have good chance or ill!—But the Harpies alate
In the storm came, and swept off the maidens, and gave them to wait.
With that love in their eyes, on the Furies who constantly hate!

covered. All the blocks forming this monument have been brought away, and there is some idea of reconstructing the whole as it stood when found, and setting it up in the Museum. It appears to me that to this plan there are strong objections as a matter of taste, and with regard to this particular monument: its highest value and importance is derived from the very peculiar style of the sculpture, which, at twenty feet above the eye within the walls of a gloomy Museum, would be out of the reach of examination: *gloomy* I mean comparatively; for how would it be possible to reproduce the effect of the same sculpture when seen, in the open air, under the brilliant skies of Lycia? A model, on a small scale, would convey an idea of the form and construction; and, for many reasons, I hope this project will be abandoned. The same objections do not apply to the plan of reconstructing the other two tombs, wholly different in form, of larger dimensions, the sculpture more salient, and in a less peculiar style. These also we owe to the last expedition.

The Chimæra Tomb seems to refer to the story of Bellerophon, and to represent a form of this Lycian myth which differs from any of those preserved to us by the poets. On one side of the

arched top is a chariot drawn by four spirited horses, urged on by a warrior in a helmet, and a charioteer in a Phrygian cap. They are driving against the Chimæra, which seems to retire before them in the form of a lioness, with the hinder parts of a goat and a dragon. The other side of the arch is very similar, except that under the feet of the trampling steeds there is a panther instead of the Chimæra. Along the narrow upright ridge, about one foot eight inches in width, which surmounts the arched cover, runs a bas-relief, representing on one side a battle, on the other a funereal subject, which cannot be called exactly a funeral procession, and which has not yet been elucidated. This tomb had been overthrown by an earthquake; the cover was found at the foot of the base, and no other sculpture than that on the vaulted lid was found near it.

Of still greater interest and beauty is the Winged-Chariot Tomb, or, as it is elsewhere denominated, the Tomb of the Satrap. On each side of the arched cover is a chariot with winged wheels, drawn by four horses, and bearing an armed hero and a charioteer; along the upright ridge at top runs

a bas-relief, representing on one side warriors crossing a river or sea; on the other, a chase. The shaft or middle part, a solid mass of rock, is sculptured in imitation of wood-work, as if constructed of beams. This rests on a base or pedestal, round which runs a frieze in bas-relief, about four feet wide. The principal figure, on the east side, is a Satrap seated on a throne, and habited exactly like Darius in the Pompeian mosaic of the Battle of Issus, with the hood (the peculiar Phrygian cowl—worn also by Harpagus) drawn over his head, and covering his chin; figures of councillors or captives are before him.* The same personage is seen on the other side armed in the Persian manner, and doing battle; his name, PAIAFA, is inscribed over his head. At each end are two figures, very majestic and graceful in design. One of these groups, a figure draped, who stands in act to crown or to proclaim a victor, is repeated in the rock tombs, and seems to signify a kind of apotheosis.

* The group in front of the Satrap corresponds precisely in action with groups on the grand staircase of Persepolis, of officers of the court introducing tributary princes to the Great King. The figure behind the seat is an attendant, whose attitude and costume are also transcripts of Persian sculpture, figured by Sir R. K. Porter and Nardin.

In interest, singularity, and in beauty of workmanship, this stupendous monument is equal to the Harpy Tomb; but the style of art is wholly different, free and animated, vigorous, and full of action; while the figures on the Harpy Tomb resemble, in the straight, stiff drapery and formal treatment, the earliest Etruscan, or rather Archaïc sculpture.

But what is most strange and unique in these enormous sepulchres, (architectural masses of rock and stone, twenty or thirty feet high,) is, that in the external form they are imitative of *wooden* constructions, and carved to represent logs, square and round; beam ends, ties, mortices, panels,—in short, they remind one of nothing so much as of enormous wooden chests or cabinets. In this respect they are quite peculiar to the Lycian people, and without any parallel in those specimens of monumental architecture of the Indians, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Greeks, which are known to us; independent, as it should seem, of any of the orders of architecture, if not prior to their invention, but as symmetrical and elegant as they are singular. The same peculiarity of the imitation of primitive wooden structures is carried into the excavated

rock tombs, which abound in the other Lycian cities, particularly near Telmessus and Pinara.* From one point (at Pinara), which is represented in one of the drawings, fifteen hundred of these excavations have been counted; the cliffs, to use the expression of Sir C. Fellows, are literally *honeycombed* with these singular receptacles, all carved out, some of them richly decorated with bas-reliefs, painted with vivid colours. Casts from many of these have been brought home in the last expedition; accurate drawings, coloured on the spot, from others. These will also be placed in the Museum; and these only can convey a just idea of works so wonderful and elaborate, that the least of them must have required years of labour; many of them have been left in an unfinished state, and are only roughly hewn out; the marks of the chisel where the workman quitted his work remaining to this day.

* Among the most interesting of the illustrations of Sir Charles Fellows's "Lycia," may be mentioned a plate, at p. 129, representing the huts of the modern peasants of the country. In these we find exactly the forms of the Greek temple—pillars, pediment, cornice, architrave, in miniature; whether these are rudely copied from the edifices around them, or whether derived from the original antique huts, imitated from generation to generation and giving us the germ of the perfect architectural combination, I do not know; but I should suppose the latter.

To the same period, and to the same people, belong the sculptured slabs and fragments of friezes which were found built into the Roman walls. A spirited procession of chariots—having the appearance of a triumph—the horses harnessed and dressed in the Persian, not the Greek fashion,* and four beautiful winged sphinxes appear to have adorned a tomb similar to that of the satrap PAIAFA, and which having been destroyed and flung down ages ago, had served for material to construct the ramparts. Another relic, also found embedded in the old walls—apparently coeval with the above, but with more of breadth and freedom than finish in the execution:—is the frieze of wild animals, the bear, the deer, the lion attacking the stag, the satyr creeping along the ground; —and a narrower frieze representing fowls and fighting cocks, full of life and spirit.

The monuments just described, whether detached erections or excavations, or sculptured fragments, are supposed to be the remains of a people whom

* The horses have the forelock of the mane twisted into a sort of *toupée*, of which there is no instance in Greek sculpture, though several examples occur among the bas-reliefs of Persepolis.

we call the Xanthians or Lycians, but who called themselves the *Tramilæ*, and are so styled by Herodotus; a people of Scythian origin, intermingled with the Cretan colonists. The inscriptions are in a language and character which we call Lycian, distinct from Greek, and which philologists suppose to be a dialect of the Indo-Germanic or Scythian. On some of the sculptured tombs, bilinguar or duplicate inscriptions have been found, in this tongue and in the Greek—invaluable to antiquarians. The most remarkable of the inscribed stones, is a Stele thirteen feet high, of which the sculpture at top and the capstone, if such there were, are lost. The shaft is covered on every side with distinct Lycian inscriptions, which, from the remarkable difference of their alphabets, appear to have been added at considerable intervals. One of them names the son of a Harpagus, who is also the subject of a metrical Greek inscription on one of the sides; of this inscription exact casts have been taken and copies dispersed through the learned Societies of Europe, but as yet it has not been wholly deciphered.*

* One portion of the inscription is in the early Greek character, and makes the monument itself speak, being written in the first person.—" Lycia," p. 170.

II. To the second class of these fragments, which I have ventured to call the Greco-Persian, belong a mass of ruins, friezes, pediments and mutilated statues, found together in the Greek city, to the south-east of the ancient Acropolis. It is presumed that they formed the materials of one edifice —that they were shattered and overthrown by an earthquake, and flung down the steep declivity,— and that this catastrophe must have taken place at a period posterior to the comparatively modern edifices, overwhelmed by or in the fall, and lying buried beneath them. Amongst these ruins were found the two friezes, now arranged in the British Museum: the larger one, about three feet four inches in depth, consists of twelve large slabs of Parian marble, brought home in 1842, and four more which arrived in 1844, making in all sixteen. These represent a furious and animated combat, evidently between Greeks and Persians, and the Persians are apparently the victorious party. The grouping and arrangement are very animated, the relief bold and salient, the style of art, though not first-rate, extremely good. We see here Persians, who have struck down Greek warriors, and deadly contests between warriors *all* habited in the Greek

fashion; hence we must infer, that in this combat, whatsoever the cause, wheresoever the scene, the Persians were assisted *by* Greek allies *against* Greeks, and were victorious *over* Greeks.

The narrow frieze, about two feet in width, is in a style of art similar to and contemporary with the last, but even more curious and interesting in point of subject. It represents the siege of a fortified town;—people from the country are entreating refuge within the walls;—a warrior is seen peeping over the battlements, and looking as if much inclined to question their right of entry; in fact, so comically animated is the expression in this diminutive figure, that he actually seems to be shaking his head at them: then there is the sally; the assault; a chief in Persian attire seated under an umbrella, while captive chiefs of the city are pleading before him.*

Notwithstanding the small proportions of this frieze, it is full of spirit both in conception and execution, and the story is admirably told. Amid the same mass of ruins are two lions finely

* The figures appear to be rather envoys than captives, as their limbs are free. Another portion of the frieze exhibits captive Lycians fastened by a rope passing from neck to neck, precisely as on the ancient Persian bas-reliefs.

sculptured, but broken into fragments; these have been brought over and can be restored. Also the statues of nymphs and goddesses, with light drapery blown out by the wind, fragments of fluted Ionic columns, and large portions of a double egg-and-tongue cornice.

The two friezes, and numerous fragments of the statues and columns, have been placed in the British Museum since last year: the portions undiscovered or left behind in former expeditions, have now arrived, and the work of restoration, as far as the sculpture is concerned, has been confided to Mr. Westmacott.

It is the opinion of Sir Charles Fellows, after a minute and careful inspection of these blocks, friezes, cornices, columns, statues, all found on or near one particular spot, and differing in style of art from all the other remains, that they in a manner reconstruct themselves into one magnificent edifice of the Ionic order, but whether tomb or trophy does not seem clear. To this reconstruction has been given the title of the Nereid Tomb; a drawing of the architectural plan and elevation compared with the very learned Essay of Mr.

Lloyd enables me to give some general idea of it. First there is a solid basement of huge blocks of stone. Upon this rises a pedestal of Parian marble, thirty feet in length. Round the lower part of this pedestal Sir Charles Fellows places the broader frieze representing the combat of Greek and Persian warriors. Round the upper part runs the narrower of the two friezes, that which represents the siege and assault. Above this the double cornice. On the summit of this ornamented pedestal, with its two friezes, stands a temple-like Grecian structure of the Ionic order, having two faces with pediments, and sustained by fluted Ionic columns; between the columns, and alternately with them, are the statues with flowing drapery, which are supposed to represent Nereids. The sockets to receive the columns and the statues are apparent in various solid fragments of the cornice, proving that they must have been placed above it. The frieze round the cella represents a sacrificial or funereal procession. Of the western pediment only a part of the tympanum has been found, which represents a group of warriors. The eastern pediment is adorned by two seated figures—a god and a goddess, enthroned opposite to each other, and

surrounded by youths and virgins. All these fragments having an obvious relation to each other in style, and found near the same spot, have thus been put together. Of the correctness of this architectural reconstruction, architects and antiquarians must judge; and it will probably cause much discussion. Of its beauty, and of its analogy in point of form and style, with other monuments existing in the country, though not in the immediate neighbourhood, there can be no doubt whatever. As to the purport of the sculptural part of these remains, the friezes already described, it seems generally agreed that they relate to the history of Harpagus, and that it is the old Satrap himself who is represented in the narrower frieze, enthroned under the umbrella, and dealing judgment on the captives.

This will be better understood by a rapid glance at the story as told in Herodotus. Astyages, King of Persia, having been warned in a dream that his infant grandson, Cyrus, would deprive him of his kingdom, commanded Harpagus to destroy the child. Harpagus, struck with pity, disobeyed the order, and only exposed it: on learning this, Astyages ordered the son of Harpa-

gus to be slain, and served up at the table of the parent, afterwards informing him that he had feasted on the body of his son. Harpagus vowed against the tyrant a deep and deadly vengeance; and twelve years afterwards assisted Cyrus to ascend his grandfather's throne. After this we find Harpagus in great favour with Cyrus, and among his recorded actions we have the conquest of Lycia, and the siege and capture of the city of Xanthus.

It appears that these events took place about 559 years before the Christian era; that Harpagus was assisted by a body of Ionian and Æolian mercenaries; (which exactly tallies with the representation on the two friezes;) and that the Xanthians, on this occasion, disdaining to yield, put to death their wives and children, then sallied forth on the enemy, and died fighting before the walls of their town. In the opinion of Sir Charles Fellows, the whole edifice was either a trophy erected at a later period to commemorate this event, or a mausoleum to the honour of the Greek warriors who fought on the side of the Persians. On the other hand, it is the opinion of Mr. Lloyd, that the monument was dedicated to the powers

of prolific Nature, as an expression of gratitude for the restoration of the prosperity and population of the city after the devastating conquest of Harpagus;—that it partook of the character of tomb as well as of temple, and was the mausoleum of the defenders of Xanthus, the destruction of which is represented in the frieze round the pedestal;—while above are the beneficent divinities by whom the destruction is repaired.* Unfortunately, no inscription has been found, though diligently sought for.

The subject is a Persian conquest,—the style and the workmanship pure Greek. These two points are certain; the rest is conjecture, which future researches may either confirm or refute.

To this class of fragments of Greek art also belong the small friezes representing funeral subjects; a procession bearing presents, and a chase, very spirited in design and treatment, but rather unfinished in style of execution. These are in the British Museum.

III. The third class of fragments are those

* See the learned "Essay on the Nereid Monument," published by W. W. Lloyd, Esq.

referable to the time of the Roman dominion. Lycia, as the reader need hardly be reminded, became a Roman province under Vespasian. The relics of this period are not very valuable; those which have been brought away are the two Metopes and Triglyphs, from the triumphal arch or gateway, inscribed with the name of Vespasian, and some illustrative Drawings representing baths, mosaic pavements, sarcophagi, &c., besides numerous coins and inscriptions.

It was in clearing away the rubbish which choked up the arch of Vespasian, that they came to a part of the old Cyclopian walls, and found thereon an inscription in honour of Glaucus and Sarpedon, the gentlest of the Homeric heroes, carrying the imagination back to Homer and the mingling streams of poetry and history :—

> " Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
> Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
> Why on those shores are we with joy surveyed,
> Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed,
> Unless great acts superior merit prove,
> And vindicate the bounteous Power above ?"
>
> *Iliad,* B. xii.

How vulgar are all the Roman associations in comparison to those exquisite Greek legends

through which humanity was deified! This whole address of Sarpedon might well be termed a foreshadowing of chivalry in its noblest and most unselfish form.

IV. Of the fourth class—the Byzantine or early Christian remains—there were found in Xanthus the ruins of several large churches, convents, and chapels, constructed, as in Italy, out of the ruins of Pagan grandeur. The fortifications of the city date from this period, and a great part of the sculptures recently brought away were found built into the ramparts, as well as into the walls of common dwellings;—evidence that here, as elsewhere, the tide of devastating barbarism was succeeded by a state of benumbed ignorance and bigotry. Crosses of various forms, and other Christian emblems and monograms, were found; and specimens of these, and of iron-work, pottery ware with the Rhodian stamp, fragments of glass, &c., have been brought away; thus completing the series of remains illustrating the religion, history, and arts of the Lycian cities from the earliest to the latest period of their existence, through a space of about a thousand years.

It remains to mention the series of illustrative Drawings which have been executed by Mr. George Scharf, the artist who accompanied Sir Charles Fellows in the two last expeditions. And first, there is a large panoramic view of the whole valley of the Xanthus, taken from the Acropolis, representing accurately the exact locality of the various relics since removed, the situations and elevations of the principal monuments, the Harpy Tomb, Lion Tomb, Winged-Chariot Tomb, the Greek Arch, &c.; the manner in which the Greek fragments lay together; the river flowing to the sea; the surrounding hills and the distant snow-capped summits of Mount Cragus bounding the prospect. Other Drawings are executed in a light, yet firm and effective style, on tinted paper relieved with white. These represent the grand old tombs (already described) as they originally stood, and others still standing; views of the Rock Tombs; of the scenery round, intermingled with figures of the present inhabitants, and groups exhibiting the picturesque operations of the excavators; together with other subjects of interest.

These Drawings, with some small Models of the Stelæ and the singular Arched Tombs, and a

Model of the reconstruction of the Nereid Monument will, I hope, be placed in the gallery now preparing to receive these relics. They will assist the public to a comprehension of their import, and greatly add to the interest of the collection, in the same manner that the elegant and accurate models of the Parthenon now placed in the gallery of the Elgin Marbles help us to illustrate those wonderful remains. The Drawings ought to be hung up where they can be accessible to all.

It is true that, to look from these beautiful Drawings to the sculptured marbles as they *now* lie in the dark vaults where their beauty is hidden in gloom; or scattered about in the court-yards among vulgar modern rubbish, brick and plaster, —or, as I last saw them, with the fog and rain of our chill climate beating on them,—does certainly awaken a melancholy feeling; and, as we gaze around us, half in awe, and half in pity, the thought flashes across us—"Have we done well to bring these fair monumental forms away from their own bright land? to dig them up where they rested amid olive groves and cypresses, and flowery bushes which veiled decay with beauty? to pull

them down, where they stood up in the blue air against the shining sky, upon heights clothed with living verdure,—to exhibit to vulgar starers their mutilated grandeur, or build up again their giant fragments in our gloomy air, in our confined halls? Oh, beauty! Oh, death! Oh, memory!—is not this "desecration?—is not this profanation?" But a true voice within us answers, "No, it is not; but rather a new hallowing of the sacred old. We have taken them from the silence and the oblivion of the ignorant desert—from the haunt of the wolf and the vulture—and we shall place them where intelligence, and thought, and enthusiasm, and admiration, and wonder, shall throw round them a glory beyond the glory of their own beauty, and envelope them in an atmosphere of light brighter than that of the sun-illumined solitudes whence they came!"

IV.

MEMOIR OF

WASHINGTON ALLSTON,

AND HIS AXIOMS ON ART.

(JANUARY 1, 1844.)

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

It has been suggested that I should throw together such notes and reminiscences as occur to me relative to Allston, his character, and his works. I commence the task, not without a feeling of reverential timidity, wishing that it had fallen into more competent hands;—and yet gladly;—strong in the feeling that it is a debt due to his memory; since, when living, he honoured me so far as to desire I should be the expositor of some of his opinions, thoughts, and aims, as an artist. I knew him, and count among the memorable passages of my life the few brief hours spent in communion with him:—

> " Benedetto sia il giorno, e'l mese,
> E l'anno.———— "

It is understood that his letters, papers, and other memorials of his life, have been left by will at the disposal of a gifted relative every way

capable of fulfilling the task of biographer.* Meantime, these few personal recollections, these fragments of his own mind, which I am able to give, will be perused with the sympathy of indulgence by those who in the artist reverenced the man; and with interest, and perhaps with advantage, by those who knew the artist only in his works.

When in America, I was struck by the manner in which the imaginative talent of the people had thrown itself forth in painting; the country seemed to me to swarm with painters. In the Western States society was too new to admit of more than blind and abortive efforts in Art; genius itself was extinguished amid the mere material wants of existence: the green wood kindled, and was consumed in its own smoke, and gave forth no visible flame either to warm or to enlighten. In the Eastern States, the immense proportion of positively and outrageously bad painters was, in a certain sense, a consolation and

* His brother-in-law, Mr. Dana, himself a poet, and whose son wrote that admirable book, "Two Years before the Mast." Up to this time (May 1846) the promised Memoir has not appeared.

an encouragement: there was too much genius for mediocrity;—they had started from a wrong point;—and in the union of self-conceit and ignorance with talent,—and in the absence of all good models, or any guiding-light,—they had certainly put forth perpetrations, not to be equalled in originality and perversity. The case, individually, was as hopeless as mediocrity would be in any other country;—but here was the material ready;—the general, the national talent to be worked out. I remember a young American who, having gained a local celebrity in some township, or perhaps some Sovereign State, about as old as himself and as wise, had betaken himself to Italy. I met him at Vienna as he was hurrying back; he had travelled from Milan to Naples, and found all barren: he said he had "looked over the old masters, and could see nothing in them,—all their fame nothing but old-world cant and prejudice!" I thought of some, who, under the same circumstances and influences, would have gone back and rent their garments, or at least their canvass, and began anew. What this young man may have since done remains, with his name, unknown. I found some others actuated by a far different spirit;—

labouring hard for what they could get;—living on bread and water, and going in threadbare coats, aye, and brimless hats, that they might save enough to make a voyage to Europe. Some I found looking at Nature, and imitating her in her more obvious external aspects, with such a simplicity and earnestness, that their productions, in spite of most crude and defective execution, fixed attention. Some had stirred deeper waters,—had begun aright,—had given indications of high promise, of high power,—yet, for want of a more exalted standard of taste to keep the feeling of beauty striving upwards, pure and elevated, were degenerating gradually into vulgarity, littleness, and hopeless mannerism.

Coleridge says somewhere, "The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed."

Now this is not true of America—at least not *yet*. I remember that when I was at Boston, and *possessed* for the time with the idea of Allston and his pictures, I made the acquaintance of Father Taylor, a man whose ordinary conversation was

as poetical, as figurative, as his sermons, and I could add, as earnest and as instructive: poetry seemed the natural element of his mind, and "he could not ope his mouth but out there flew a trope," unaffectedly and spontaneously, however, —as it were, unconsciously. One evening, when deprecating the idea of rivalry between England and America, he said, "Are they not one and the same? even as Jacob's vine, which being planted on one side of the wall, grew over it, and hung its boughs and clusters on the other side—but still it was the same vine, nourished from the same root." Now to vary a little this apposite and beautiful illustration, I would say, that while America can gather grapes from the old vine, she will not plant for herself, nor even cherish the off-shoots; in other words,—America, as long as she can import our muses cheap, will have no muses of her own—no literature: for half a dozen or a dozen charming authors do not make a national literature; but she cannot import our painters, therefore I have some hope that she will produce a national and original school of art. Is it not much that America in her youthhood has already sent forth so many painters of European celebrity? Once it was her glory,

that she had given us West; but the fame of West is paling in the dawn of a better and a brighter day, and there is nothing in his genius that does not savour more of the decrepitude than the youth of art. He conceived great things, but he never conceived them greatly; neither his mind nor his hand ever rose "to the height of his argument,"—the most blameless and the most undramatic of painters! Let America be more justly proud that she has given to the world—to the two worlds—greater men, whose genius can only "brighten in the blaze of day." I will not speak here of Newton, of Greenhough the sculptor, of Cole the admirable landscape painter, of Inman the portrait painter, and others, whose increasing reputation has not yet spread into fame: but of Leslie, yet living among us, one of the most poetical painters of the age, the finest interpreter of the spirit of Shakespear the world has yet seen,—Leslie, whom England,—deliberately chosen for his dwelling-place, and enriched by his works,—may claim as her own; and of ALLSTON, not inferior in genius, and of grander aim and purpose, who died recently in his own land—would that he had died, or at least lived in ours! There was in the mind of

this extraordinary man a touch of the listless and the morbid, which required the spur of generous emulation, of enlightened criticism, of sympathetic praise, to excite him to throw forth the rich creative power of his genius in all its might.

Wilkie used to say, that after receiving one of Sir George Beaumont's critical letters, he always painted with more alacrity for the rest of the day: an artist feels the presence—the enlightening and enlivening power of sympathy, even when it comes in the shape of censure. If the genius of Allston languished in America, certainly it was not for want of patronage so called—it was not for want of praise. The Americans, more particularly those of his own city, were proud of him and his European reputation. Whenever a picture left his easel, there were many to compete for it. They spoke of pictures of Allston which existed in the palaces of English nobles,—of Lord Egremont's "Jacob's Dream," of the Duke of Sutherland's "Uriel in the Sun,"—and they triumphed in the astonishment and admiration of a stranger, who started to find Venetian sentiment, grandeur, and colour in the works of a Boston painter, buried out of sight, almost out of mind,

for five and twenty years—a whole generation of European amateurs.

Though glorified by his fellow-citizens, and conscious that he had achieved an immortality on earth, it did strike me when I was in Allston's society, that some inward or outward stimulus to exertion was wanting; that the ideal power had of late years overwhelmed his powers of execution; that the life he was living as an artist was neither a healthy nor a happy life. He dreamed away, or talked away whole hours in his painting-room, but he painted little. He had fallen into a habit which must be perdition to an artist, —a habit of keeping late hours, sleeping in the morning, and giving much of the night to reading, or to conversation. I heard complaints of his dilatoriness. He said of himself with a sort of consciousness, and in a deprecating tone, "You must not judge of my industry by the number of pictures I have painted, but the number I have destroyed." In a letter from one of his friends now lying before me, I find a passage alluding to this point, which deserves to be transcribed for its own feeling and beauty, as well as its bearing on the subject. "Often have I rebelled against the

unthinking judgments which are sometimes passed upon Allston, because he does not produce more works: he is sometimes called idle; let those who make the charge first try to comprehend the largeness and the fineness of his views of fame." (What these views were we shall see presently in his own words.) "What right have I to sit in judgment upon genius, until I know more of that mysterious organization which, however lawless it may seem to others, is yet a law to itself? this, that, and the other thing I would amend; am I quite sure that in so doing, I should not break or mar the whole? We must take genius as it is, and thank it for what it gives us, and thank Heaven for having given us *it*. How beautifully the intellectual and spiritual part of Allston's nature is blended with his genius as an artist, you have seen and felt; it is the spirit of the man which hallows his works. You once said we had no right to him—that you envied us the possession of such a man. Oh, envy us not!—rob us not of the little we have, which can call off our American mind from the absorbing and hot pursuit of vulgar wealth, and the love of perishing things, to those calm contemplations which embody in immortal forms the beautiful and the true!"

Allston has been for so many years absent from England, his merits, even his name, so little known to the present generation of artists and lovers of art in this country, that a sketch of the incidents of his life, before the period of my own personal recollections, may not be unwelcome.*

Washington Allston was a native of South Carolina, and born in 1779. He says of himself, in some notes sent to Mr. Dunlop, that the turn for imitation and composition had shown itself as early as six years old. His delight was to put together miniature landscapes of his own invention, built up with moss, sticks, pebbles, and twigs representing trees; and in manufacturing little men and women out of fern stalks. These childish fancies, he says, "were the straws by which an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after-life. And yet, after all, this love of imitation may be common to childhood. *General* imitation certainly is: but whether

* Most of the facts and dates in the following sketch are taken from "Dunlop's History of the Arts of Design in the United States," a gossipping, tedious, and conceited book; yet, in particular biographies, bearing evident marks of authenticity and sincerity.

adherence to particular kinds may not indicate a permanent propensity, I leave to those who have studied the subject more than I have, to decide."

He adverts to another characteristic: his early passion for the wild, the marvellous, and the terrific, and his delight in the stories of enchantments, hags, and witches, related by his father's negroes. From these sports and influences he was soon torn away—sent to school and college, where he went through the usual course of studies: never relinquishing the darling pursuit of his childhood, but continuing, unconsciously, the education of his imitative powers. He drew from prints; and before he left school had attempted compositions of his own. "I never," he says, "had any regular instructor in the art, (a circumstance, I would observe, both idle and absurd to boast of,) but I had much incidental instruction, which I have always, through life, been glad to receive from every one in advance of myself. And I may add, that there is no such thing as a *self-taught artist*, in the ignorant acceptation of the words; for the greatest genius that ever lived must be indebted to others —if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works."

This reminds us of what Goëthe once said of himself:—"People talk of originality,—what do they mean?—as soon as we are born the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end; and after all, what can we truly call our own but *energy, power, will?* Could I point out all I owe to my great forerunners and contemporaries—truly there would remain but little over." Yet there is such a thing as originality, and we all feel it as a presence—just as we acknowledge a particular look in a portrait or countenance without exactly defining in what consists the differences between this particular face and all other faces;—that which is produced may be the result of a combination of influences;—but if stamped by the individual mind, it is what we call original, for it could have been produced only by that mind;—it can be imitated, but never be reproduced by another. Mozart, who was certainly no metaphysician, seems to have hit upon the true definition. He said: "I do not aim at originality; I do not know in what mine consists;—why my productions take from my hand that particular form or style which makes them *Mozartish* and different from the works of other composers, is

probably owing to the same cause which renders *my* nose thus or thus,—aquiline, or otherwise,—or, in short, makes it Mozart's, and different from other people's." Self-taught persons,—be they artists or not,—are not always, nor even often, original as regards the product of the mind.

But, to return from this long digression. Allston's artistic education continued with little help, certainly, as regards the direction of his genius. When at Harvard College, he attempted to paint in miniature, but "could make no hand of it." We can easily imagine that the teeming powers of his young mind required a far readier and a far larger medium of expression, than the elaborate iteration of miniature painting.*

He was seized about this time with what he calls a *banditti mania.* All his inventions and sketches were of scenes of violence; and he did not get rid of these "cut-throat fancies" till he had been for some time in Europe.

* Haydon, once expressing his admiration of Allston, alluded to his having given up miniature painting, and remarked acutely, "Next to knowing what he *can* do, the best acquisition for an artist is to know what he *cannot* do." Did Mr. Haydon ever study to acquire this knowledge?

Before he left college, his future career was determined. Left early master of himself, he sold his paternal estate for the purpose of studying in Europe. He had generous friends, who came forward with offers of aid—who would fain have prevented this sacrifice of his property. But Allston, with the high spirit which through life distinguished him, refused these offers, and threw himself, at once and finally, on his own resources.

He arrived in England in 1803; was received by his countryman, West, then President of our Academy, with his usual urbanity and kindness; and by Fuseli—not always courteous—with distinguished courtesy. There seems to have been, from the first, an immediate and intelligent sympathy between these two poetically gifted spirits. Allston confesses that he then thought Fuseli "the greatest painter in the world;" and he retained a more qualified predilection for him ever after. His preference of Fuseli to West at that time, favoured as he was by the attention and kindness of the latter, marks the poet: for such Allston was. Fuseli asked him what branch of art he intended to pursue: he replied, "History."

"Then, Sir, you have come a great way to starve!" was the characteristic reply.

The effect which Sir Joshua's pictures produced and left on his imagination, also stamps the particular bent of his mind and character. He said, happily, "There is a fascination about them, which makes it almost *ungrateful* to think of their defects."

Allston remained two years in England, and exhibited three pictures; one of them (a comic subject) he sold. This was beginning well. In 1804 he went to Paris, studied and meditated in the Gallery of the Louvre, then rich with the spoils of nations; copied Rubens in the Luxembourg; and proceeded to Italy, where he remained four years, residing chiefly at Rome, where Thorwaldsen was his fellow-student. His feeling for what the grand old masters had achieved, was deep —was genuine. They grew upon his mind, as they do on all minds large enough to take them in. In his appreciation of Michael Angelo, he agreed with Sir Joshua: "I know not," he said, "how to speak of Michael Angelo in adequate terms of reverence." Allston was not satisfied with reve-

rencing the old masters, and copying their pictures: he imitated their mode of study, and devoted much time to the modelling of the figure in clay. That boldness and firmness of drawing and foreshortening which he displayed in his pictures, even his smallest compositions, may be traced to this practice. He said, late in life, "I would recommend modelling to all young painters, as one of the best means of acquiring an accurate knowledge of form. I have occasionally practised it ever since." At Rome Allston first became distinguished as a mellow and harmonious colourist; and acquired, among the native German painters, the name of the *American Titian:* there he formed a lasting friendship with Coleridge and Washington Irving. He said of Coleridge, "To no other man whom I have ever known do I owe so much *intellectually.* He used to call Rome 'the silent city;' but I never could think of it as such while with him; for—meet him when or where I would—the fountain of his mind was never dry; but, like the far-reaching aqueducts that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living streams seemed especially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. When I recall some of our walks under

the pines of the Villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy. It was there he taught me this golden rule, 'never to judge of a work of art by its defects;'—a rule as wise as benevolent;—and one which, while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure." Notwithstanding his sensitive taste, Allston remained to the end of his life "a wide-liker," to borrow his own expression.

He returned to America in 1809, and in 1810 married Miss Channing, the sister of the great Dr. Channing. In 1811 we find him again in England, accompanied by his wife. The first work he commenced, after his arrival, was one of his grandest pictures, "The Dead Man revived by Elisha's Bones," which is now at Philadelphia. While this picture was in progress, Allston was seized with a dangerous nervous disorder. He went down to Clifton, where he placed himself under Dr. King, the celebrated surgeon, (married to one of the Edgeworths,) who, from his medical attendant, became his friend. He painted half-length portraits of Dr. King and Mrs. King, which he

considered among his best works in that style. For Mr. Vanderhost, of Bristol, he painted a large Italian landscape and a sea-piece. On his return to London he lost his amiable wife, after a union of three short years. In the letters already quoted, he alludes feelingly and briefly to his loss:—"The death of my wife left me nothing but my art, which then seemed to me as nothing!" In fact, his bereavement is said to have caused a temporary derangement of his intellect. Under this sorrow he was sustained and consoled by his friend Leslie, and by degrees his mind regained its tone and its powers. The beautiful little picture of the "Mother and Child" (which seems at first to have been intended for a representation of the Virgin and Infant Saviour, and instantly brings that subject to mind in its truly Italian and yet original treatment) was painted in England at this time. I saw it at Philadelphia in the possession of Mr. M'Murtie, and thought it charming; but as he had said himself, "the mother was too *matronly* for a madonna." In the year 1816 Allston sold his great picture of "The Dead Man Restored to Life," &c. to the Pennsylvanian Academy for 3,500 dollars, about 700*l.* It had previously obtained, from the Direc-

tors of the British Institution, the prize of 200 guineas. He had planned a great picture of "Christ Healing the Sick," but, on reflection, abandoned it, deterred by the failure of all attempts, ancient and modern, to give an adequate idea of the Saviour. Yet I cannot help wishing that he had entered the lists with West, who never seems to have mistrusted his own powers to represent any theme, however high, however holy. But Allston was a poet—felt, thought, painted like a poet; knew what it is to recoil and tremble in presence of the divine;—and this is just what the pious and excellent West knew *not*.

In 1817, Allston painted his picture of 'Jacob's Dream,' which was purchased immediately by Lord Egremont, and is now at Petworth. The subject is very sublimely and originally treated, with a feeling wholly distinct from the shadowy mysticism of Rembrandt, and the graceful simplicity of Raphael. Instead of a ladder or steps, with a few angels, he gave the idea of a glorious vision, in which countless myriads of the heavenly host are seen dissolving into light and distance, and immeasurable flights of steps rising, spreading above and beyond each other, till lost in infinitude.

That Allston had seen Rembrandt's miraculous little picture in the Dulwich Gallery—a thing, which once seen, ever afterwards haunts the imagination, as though it had been itself stolen out of the mysterious land of dreams,—is proved by a sonnet, suggested by the picture, and which I copy here as a fair specimen of his printed poems.

As in that twilight superstitious age
When all beyond the narrow grasp of mind
Seemed fraught with meanings of supernal kind;
When e'en the learned, philosophic sage
Wont with the stars through boundless space to range,
Listen'd with reverence to the changeling's tale,
E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange!
E'en so thy visionary scenes I hail,
That like the rambling of an idiot's speech
No image giving of a thing on earth,
Nor thought significant in reason's reach,
Yet in their random shadowings give birth
To thoughts and things from other worlds that come,
And fill the soul and strike the reason dumb.

Not that I can believe that Rembrandt's "shadowings" were mere *random*, or that he deserved to be likened to an "inspired idiot," any more than Shakspeare; but general or egotistic criticism is here out of place. I return to my proper theme, which is Allston, not Rembrandt.

Another grand picture, painted in England, "Uriel in the Sun" (Paradise Lost, b. iii.), was purchased by the late Marquis of Stafford, and is now at Trentham Hall. It is a colossal figure, foreshortened, nearly twice the size of life. His own account of the method he took to produce the effect of light in this picture is worth preserving: —"I surrounded him, and the rock of adamant on which he sat, with the prismatic colours, in the order in which the ray of light is decomposed by the prism. I laid them on with the strongest colours; and then with transparent colour, so intimately blended them as to reproduce the original ray; it was so bright that it made your eyes twinkle as you looked at it." *

In 1818, he returned to America, seized with a home-sickness which no encouragement or admiration received in England—no friendships formed here—(though among his friends he counted such men as Coleridge, Sir George Beaumont, and Leslie)—could overcome. He was elected Asso-

* I have never seen this picture, therefore cannot say what is the present effect of the colouring, or whether it retains this dazzling effect.

ciate of the Royal Academy the same year—and would have been an R.A. but for one of the laws of the Academy, which renders no artist eligible as Academician who is not resident in England. He took with him to America only one finished picture, "Elijah in the Wilderness," and this picture remained on his hands till the year 1832. Mr. Labouchère, when travelling in America, saw it in the house of Mr. Davis, of Boston, and became the purchaser; it is now in England.

From the period of his arrival in America in 1818, Allston remained settled at Cambridge-Port, near Boston. In the vicinity of his dwelling-house he had erected a large and commodious painting-room. His benevolent and social qualities, not less than his various intellectual accomplishments, had gathered round him many loving and admiring friends,—and among the professors of Harvard University he found many congenial associates. He was an admirable narrator, his good stories being often invented for the occasion. The vivacity of his conceptions, and the glowing language in which he could clothe them, rendered his conversation inexpressibly delightful and exciting. I

remember, after an evening spent with him, returning home very, very late—(I think it was near three in the morning)—with the feelings of one who had been *magnetized.* Could I remember in detail any thing he said I should not here report it, but I will give one or two passages from my notes which show that he could paint with words as well as with pigments.

He says in one of his letters—"I saw the sun rise on lake Maggiore—such a sunrise! *the giant Alps seemed, literally, to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold to send up a Hallelujah almost audible!*" In speaking of a picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin," "in which the expression and the tremendous depth of colour" had forcibly struck him, he said, "*it seemed as I looked at it as if the ground shook under their tread, as if the air were darkened by their grief.*" When a young painter brought him a landscape for his inspection, he observed, "*Your trees do not look as if the birds would fly through them!*"—About four or five years ago he published a romance entitled 'Moldini,' which I thought ill constructed as a story, but which contained some powerful descriptions, and some passages relative

to pictures and to art such as only a painter-poet could have written. It is said, I know not how truly, that he has left a series of lectures on painting in a complete state: these, no doubt, will be given to the public.

His death took place on the 9th of June, 1843. After a cheerful evening spent with his friends, the pang of a single moment released his soul to its immortal home. He had just laid his hands on the head of a favourite young friend, and after begging her to live as near perfection as she could, he blessed her with fervent solemnity. Even with that blessing on his lips he died. He was buried by torch-light, in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, where hundreds had gathered round to look, for the last time, on a face which death had scarcely changed, save that "the spirit had left her throne of light."

About two years before his death, there was an exhibition of his works at Boston—an exhibition which, in the amount of excellence, might well be compared to the room full of Sir Joshua's at the Institution last year. Those who have not seen

many of Allston's pictures, will hardly believe this; those who have, will admit the justice of the comparison—will remember those of his creations, in which he combined the richest tones of colour with the utmost delicacy and depth of expression, and added to these merits a softness and finish of execution and correctness of drawing—particularly in the extremities—which Sir Joshua never attained nor, perhaps, attempted. When I have thought of the vehement poetical sensibility with which Allston was endowed—his early turn for the wild, the marvellous, the terrible—his nervous temperament, and the sort of dreamy indolence which every now and then seemed to come over him, I have more and more deeply appreciated the sober grandeur of his compositions, the refined grace of some of his most poetical creations, the harmonious sweetness which tempered his most gorgeous combinations of colour, and the conscientious, patient care with which every little detail was executed: in this last characteristic, and in the predominance of the violet tints in the flesh and shadows, some of his pictures reminded me more of Lionardo da Vinci than of Titian or of Reynolds. His taste was singularly pure—even to fastidiousness. It

had gone on refining and refining; and in the same manner his *ideal* had become more and more spiritual, his moral sense more and more elevated, till, in their combination, they seemed at last to have overpowered the material of his art—to have paralyzed his hand.

In his maturer years, he was far, very far, from the *banditti mania* of his youth. When applied to by the American government to assist in decorating the Rotunda at Washington, he said, "I will paint only one subject, and choose my own—*no battle-piece!*" In this, and in many other things, he reminded me of a great painter of our own—Eastlake—who also, if I remember rightly, began with the *banditti mania* and the melodramatic in art, and is now distinguished by the same refined and elevated taste in the selection as well as in the treatment of a subject, the same elaborate elegance of execution, and, I may add, the same power as a *thinker* in his art. No man ever more completely stamped the character of his mind upon his works than did Allston. In speaking of the *individuality* which the old masters threw into their works, he said—"This power of infusing one's own life, as it were, into that which is feigned, appears to me

the prerogative of Genius alone. In a work of art, it is what a man may well call his own, for it cannot be borrowed or imitated." This, in fact, is what we may truly call originality. He combated strenuously the axiom cherished and quoted by young and idle painters, that leaving things unfinished, is "leaving something to the imagination." The very statement, as he observed, betrays the unsoundness of the position, "for that which is unfinished, must necessarily be imperfect—so that, according to this rule, imperfection is made essential to perfection: the error lies in the phrase, '*left to* the imagination,' and it has filled modern art with random flourishes of no meaning."

Instead of saying, in common phrase, that "in a picture something should always be left to the imagination," we should rather say that a picture "should always suggest something to the imagination;" or, as Goëthe has finely expressed it, "every consummate work of art should leave something for the intellect to devine." In the axiom so put, there is no danger of misinterpretation—no excuse for those who put us off with random flourishes, where feet, or fingers, eyes, nose and mouth *ought* to be, but are left, in the common phrase, to the imagination.

As Allston's works were in accordance with his mind—so, to complete the beautiful harmony of the man's whole being, were his countenance, person, and deportment, in accordance with both.

When I saw him, in 1838, I was struck by the dignity of his figure, and by the simple grace of his manners: his dress was rather careless, and he wore his own fine silver hair long and flowing; his forehead and eyes were remarkably good; the general expression of his countenance open, serious, and sweet; the tone of his voice earnest, soft, penetrating. Notwithstanding the nervous irritability of his constitution, which the dangerous and prolonged illness in 1811 had enhanced, he was particularly gentle and self-possessed.

He was at that time painting on two great pictures, the "Death of King John," and "Belshazzar's Feast." The first he declined showing me, because, as he said, "to exhibit his pictures to any other eye in certain stages of their progress, always threw cold water on him."* The latter

* He afterwards, with the sensitive delicacy which belonged to his character, apologized for his refusal in words which I transcribe. "Mrs. Jameson must not suppose that I declined showing her 'King John' in its unfinished state, because I had any *secrets* in my practice, which, she is no doubt aware, is the case with

I was warned not to speak of. It had been in hand since 1814, had been begun on an immense scale (16 or 17 feet in length), and he had gone on altering, effacing, and marring, promising and delaying its completion till it had become a subject he could hardly bear to allude to, or to hear mentioned by others; his sensitiveness on this one point did at last almost verge on insanity. I heard various reasons assigned for this; one was, that an execution had been levied on the work, which had excited in the painter's mind so deep a feeling of discouragement and disgust, that he would not afterwards touch it; the other reason given was, that the leading idea of the picture, that of making the

some artists. On the contrary, I hold it as a duty freely to communicate all that I know to every artist who thinks it worth the asking. To the younger artists especially, who come to me for advice, I am in the habit of showing my pictures in their various stages, in order to illustrate the principles on which I proceed. The reason I assigned for not showing what I was immediately engaged on, that it *threw cold water* upon me, was the true one; I must beg her not to say that I have written anything on my art, for it *troubles* me to have the public *expect* anything of me. I feel as if they were looking over my shoulder. I may not live to complete what I have begun, and it is better that they should not have it in their power to reproach my memory for any disappointment they might choose to feign or feel." He was probably shrinking under some reproach on account of the ill-fated Belshazzar, when he wrote the above.

light radiate from the supernatural hand, had been anticipated by Martin in *his* "Belshazzar's Feast." At the period of my visit to Allston, I saw this fatal picture rolled up in a corner of the apartment, and scarcely dared to look that way. On his easel lay a sketch of two sisters, life-size, the figure and attitude of one of them borrowed or adapted from "Titian's Daughter." The two heads in contrast, one dark, the other fair; one gay, coquettish, the other thoughtful; the whole admirable as a piece of colour and expression. But I was most struck by two beginnings; one a Dance of Fairies on the Sea-shore, from the Midsummer Night's Dream, exquisitely poetical. The other left a still greater—an ineffaceable impression on my mind. It was a sea-piece—a thunder-storm retiring, and a frigate bending to the gale; it was merely a sketch in white chalk upon a red ground, and about five feet high, as nearly as I can recollect, —not even the dead colouring was laid on; I never saw such an effect produced by such a vehicle, and had not mine own eyes seen it, I could not have conceived or believed it to be possible. There was absolute motion in the clouds and waves—all the poetry, all the tumult of the tempest were

there!—and I repeat, it was a sketch in white chalk—not even a shadow! Around the walls of his room were scratched a variety of sentences, some on fragments of paper stuck up with a wafer or pin,—some on the wall itself. They were to serve, he said, as "texts for reflection before he began his day's work." One or two of these fixed my attention; became the subject of discussion and conversation; and at length he allowed a mutual friend to copy them for me—with the express permission to make any use of them I thought proper; and thus sanctioned, I do not hesitate to subjoin a few of them. In the absence of his pictures, and until a fuller exposition of his mind be placed before us by his biographer, they will better illustrate the character and genius of this remarkable man than anything that can be said of him.

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1. "The painter who is content with the praise of the world in respect to what does not satisfy himself, is not an artist, but an artizan; for though his reward be only praise, his pay is that of a mechanic for his time, and not for his art."

2. "He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius: as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own."

3. "Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity: dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters. It is the creature, so to speak, of its particular age, or rather of a particular state of society; consequently, dying with that which sustained it. Hence we can scarcely go over a page of history, that we do not, as in a churchyard, tread upon some buried reputation. But fame cannot be voted down, having its immediate foundation in the essential. It is the eternal shadow of excellence, from which it can never be separated, nor is it ever made visible but in the light of an intellect kindred with that of its author. It is that light by which the shadow is projected, that is seen of the multitude, to be wondered at and reverenced, even while so little comprehended as to be often confounded with the substance—the substance being admitted from the shadow, as a matter of faith. It is the economy of Providence to provide such lights: like rising and setting stars, they follow each other through

successive ages: and thus the monumental form of Genius stands for ever relieved against its own imperishable glory."

4. All excellence of every kind is but variety of truth. If we wish, then, for something beyond the true, we wish for that which is false. According to this test how little truth is there in art! Little indeed! but how much is that little to him who feels it!

5. Fame* does not depend on the *will* of any man, but reputation may be given or taken away: for Fame is the sympathy of kindred intellects, and sympathy is not a subject of *willing:* while Reputation, having its source in the popular voice, is a sentence which may either be uttered or suppressed at pleasure. Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the

* In transcribing this aphorism, I am reminded of a noble passage in one of Joanna Baillie's poems. How many such passages are scattered through her works, which have been quoted, and applied, and familiarized to ear and memory for forty years past—until we almost forget to whom we owe them!

> O, who shall lightly say that fame
> Is nothing but an empty name,
> Whilst in that sound there is a charm,
> The nerves to brace, the heart to warm;

As,

Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is *posthumous*, and which is only *known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds*, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of wilfulness.

6. What *light* is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual: both requiring an *atmosphere* in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is, to some minds, a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in vacuo.

As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality!

7. Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a *recognition of excellence* which *must be felt*, but need not be *spoken*. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence.

8. I cannot believe, that any man who deserved fame, ever laboured for it: that is, *directly*. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow, before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write and paint for fame," has often been repeated: it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame, should be placed to the account of reputation.

9. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained *excellence*, when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good *Irish*.

10. An original mind is rarely understood until it has been *reflected* from some half-dozen congenial

with it: so averse are men to admitting the *true* in an unusual form: whilst any novelty, however fantastic, however false, is greedily swallowed. Nor is this to be wondered at; for all truth demands a response, and few people care to *think*, yet they must have something to supply the place of thought. Every mind would appear original, if every man had the power of *projecting* his own into the mind of others.

11. All effort at originality must end either in the quaint or the monstrous. For no man knows himself as an original: he can only believe it on the report of others to whom *he is made known, as he is by the projecting power* before spoken of.

12. There is an essential meanness in the wish to *get the better* of any one. The only competition worthy a wise man, is with himself.

13. Reverence is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness, by elevating itself into the antagonist to what is above it.

14. He that has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit to look down; of such minds are the mannerists in art; and in the world, the tyrants of all sorts.

15. The phrenologists are right in putting the organ of self-love in the back part of the head. It being there that a vain man carries his light; the consequence is that every object he approaches becomes obscured by his own shadow.

16. A witch's skiff cannot more easily sail in the teeth of the wind, than the human *eye* can lie against fact: but the truth will often quiver through *lips* with a lie upon them.

17. It is a hard matter for a man to lie *all over*, Nature having provided king's evidence in almost every member. The hand will sometimes act as a vane, to show which way the wind blows, when every feature is set the other way: the knees smite together and sound the alarm of fear under a fierce countenance: the legs shake with anger, when all above is calm.*

* An eminent lawyer, who is accustomed to cross-examine witnesses, once told me, that in cases under his scrutiny where he

18. Make no man your idol! For the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours, in addition to your own. This is as true in art, as in morals.

19. The Devil's heartiest laugh, is at a detracting witticism. Hence the phrase, "devilish good," has sometimes a literal meaning.

20. There is one thing which no man, however generously disposed, can *give*, but which every one, however poor, is bound to *pay*. This is Praise. He cannot give it, because it is not his own; since what is dependent for its very existence on something in another, can never become to him a *possession;* nor can he justly withhold it, when the presence of merit claims it as a *consequence*. As praise, then, cannot be made a *gift*, so, neither, when not his due, can any man receive it; he may *think* he does, but he receives only *words;*

has known the words and oaths to have come forth glibly, while the whole face and form seemed converted into one impenetrable and steadfast mask, he has detected falsehood in a trembling of the muscle underneath the eye; and that the perception of it has put him on the scent again, when he had thought himself hopelessly at fault; so true it is, that a man "*cannot lie all over.*"

for desert being the essential condition of praise, there can be no reality in the one without the other. This is no fanciful statement: for, though praise may be withheld by the ignorant or envious, it cannot be but that, *in the course of time*, an existing merit *will*, on *some one*, produce its effects; inasmuch as the existence of any cause without its effect, is an impossibility. A fearful truth lies at the bottom of this, an *irreversible justice* for the weal or woe of him who confirms or violates it.

After this first introduction to Allston, I spent two whole mornings at Boston, hunting out his pictures, wherever they were to be found. At this distance of time, I will not trust to memory, but mention only those of which I have a memorandum,—of which the description, and the impression they left on my own mind, were noted on the spot.

"Rosalie Listening to Music." The figure of a young girl, life-size and three-quarters. She has been reading. The hand which holds the book has dropped: the other is pressed on her bosom. The head a little raised. Rapt, yet melancholy

attention in the opening eyes and parted lips. The colouring deep, delicate, rich.

When I first saw this picture, in the drawing-room of Mr. Appleton, of Boston, I had never seen Allston—did not even recollect his name. It at once so captivated my attention, that I could not take my eyes from it—even though one who might well have sat for a Rosalie was at my side. I thought I had never beheld such a *countenance*, except in some of the female heads of Titian or Palma. Yet the face was not what would be termed *beautiful*; and oh, how far from the sentimental, ringletted prettiness of our fashionable painters!

When I afterwards asked Mr. Allston whether his poem of "Rosalie" had suggested the picture, or the picture the stanzas, he replied, that, "as well as he could recollect, the conception of the poem and of the picture had been simultaneous in his mind." He received for this picture 1,200 dollars, about £250.

"Miriam Singing her Song of Triumph." Figure three-quarters, extremely fine, especially in colour; perhaps too much of solemn melancholy

and tenderness in the expression,—in the mouth particularly; yet there may be a propriety in this conception of the character. In the possession of Mr. Sears, of Boston.

"A Roman Lady Reading." Figure three-quarters. The same kind of beauty as the picture of Rosalie; a head and countenance with something finer than beauty; a contemplative grandeur and simplicity in the attitude, the hands very elegant and characteristic, and admirably drawn; altogether a noble painting! In the possession of Mr. Dwight, of Boston.

"Jeremiah Dictating to the Scribe his Prophecy of the Destruction of Jerusalem." Two figures, life-size; a grand composition, but the canvass seemed to me to want height, which took away from the general effect. The prophet seated, with flowing beard, and wide eyes glaring on the future: the head of the scribe, looking up and struck with a kind of horror, finer still. Colouring admirable, rich and deep and clear; olive and purple tints predominating. There is a jar on the left, about a foot and a half high, painted with such a

finish of touch and tone, such illusive relief, as to cheat the sense,—and yet it is not obtrusive. In the possession of Mrs. Gibbs. I have reason to remember this picture; for, while looking at it, I was leaning on the arm of Dr. Channing. He afterwards told me, that when the picture was exhibited, the water-jar excited far more wonder and admiration than the prophet; and that a countryman, after contemplating the picture for a considerable time, turned away, exclaiming, "Well! he was a 'cute man that made that jar!" The merely imitative always strikes the vulgar mind.

"Beatrice"—Dante's, not Shakspeare's—Figure three-quarters—the same kind of merit as the "Rosalie" and the "Roman Lady." This most lovely picture struck me more the second time I saw it than the first; the hand holding the cross, painted with exceeding truth and delicacy. In the possession of Mr. Elliot, mayor of Boston.

"Lorenzo and Jessica," a small picture. The two figures seated on a bank in front, her hand lies in his; I never saw anything better felt than the

action and expression of those hands!—one could see they were thrilling to the finger ends. The dark purple sky above; the last gleam of daylight along the horizon—no moon. In the possession of Mr. Jackson, of Boston. For this exquisite little picture Allston received 600 dollars.

"The Evening Hymn." A young girl seated amid ruins. She is on a bank, and her feet hang over a subterranean arch, within which, in the deep shadow, is dimly descried the fragment of a huge torso; she is singing her vesper hymn to the Virgin; the expression of devotion and tenderness in the head of the girl, and of deep repose in the whole conception, very beautiful: there is a gleam of golden sunset thrown across the foreground of the picture, which has an extraordinary effect. In the possession of Mr. Dutton.

"Saul and the Witch of Endor," beautifully painted, but I did not like the conception; in this instance, the genius of Salvator had rebuked and overpowered that of Allston. In the possession of Colonel Perkins, of Boston.

At Boston I saw, likewise, several fine landscapes, some of Italian and some of American scenery.

At New York. "Rebecca at the Well." In the possession of M. Van Schaick.

At Philadelphia. "The Dead Man Restored to Life on Touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha" —(2 Kings xiii. 20). The scene is the interior of a mountain cavern, into which the dead man has been let down by two slaves, one of whom is at the head, the other at the feet of the body; other figures above: life-size. This picture has some magnificent points, and much general grandeur, without anything exaggerated or intrusive, which is the fine characteristic of Allston's compositions (those I have seen at least). The best part of the picture is the dead man extended in front, in whose form and expression the sickly dawn of returning life is very admirable and *fearful*. The drawing in the feet and hands extremely fine. The bones of the prophet are just revealed behind, in a sort of faint phosphoric light emitted by them. Several

figures above in the back-ground, in various attitudes of horror, fear, amazement. I suppose the female figure fainting to be the wife or mother of the man. The picture is 13 feet by 11.

I heard much of a picture I did not see—"Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," from Mrs. Radcliffe's "Italian." It is now in the possession of Mr. Ball, of Charleston.

Thus far the written memoranda at the time. I saw several other pictures, of which there was not time to note any particular description, but all bearing more or less the impress of mind, of power, and of grace.

When I heard of Allston's death it was not with regret or pain, but rather with a start, a shudder, as when a light, which, though distant, is yet present, is suddenly withdrawn. It seemed to me, that in him America had lost her third great man. What Washington was as a statesman, Channing as a moralist,—*that* was Allston as an artist.

V.

"WOMAN'S MISSION,"

AND

WOMAN'S POSITION.

Hommes ! vous ne savez pas,
Tant, vous connaissez peu ce qui convient aux âmes,
Que faire des enfans, ni que faire des femmes !

VICTOR HUGO.

"WOMAN'S MISSION," AND WOMAN'S POSITION.

THERE was once a Spanish lady, a certain Donna Maria d'Escobar, living at Lima, who had a few grains of wheat, which she had brought from Estramadura. She planted them in her garden, and of the slender harvest she distributed to others, until that which had been counted in grains was counted in sheaves; and that which had been counted in sheaves was counted in fields; and thence came all the corn which is now found in Peru.

This anecdote—it is told, I think, by Southey—made a strong impression on my fancy many years ago, and it recurs to me often when I feel discouraged at the slow dissemination of the most precious, the most obvious truths. The hope that one so powerless as myself could ever assist in popularising any great truth, or help to convert the

unfamiliar, the unpalatable, into the common food of daily life, *that* has seemed like vanity;—but then I have thought "no, that word 'vanity' shall not frighten me." Wisely said the famous Thinker of old, that "there is oftentimes as great vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits from the world as in publishing them;" and extreme vanity does sometimes borrow the garb of an ultra-modesty. When I see people haunted by the idea of self, afraid to speak lest they should not be listened to; spreading their hands before their faces, lest they meet the reflection of it in every other face—as if the wide world were to them only a French drawing-room, panelled with looking-glasses; always fussily putting this obtrusive self behind them, or dragging over it a scanty drapery of consciousness—miscalled modesty; always on the defence against compliment, or mistaking sympathy for compliment, which is as great an error, and a far more vulgar error than that of mistaking flattery for sympathy; when I have seen this—and how often I have seen it allied with power and talent!—I have been inclined to attribute it to immaturity of character—to a sort of childishness; or to what is worse, a want of innate integrity and

simplicity. To some minds, fame is like an intoxicating cup put to the lips—he does well to turn away from it who fears it will turn his head; but to others, it is "love disguised,"—the love that answers love in its widest, most exalted sense. It seems to me that, instead of stopping to calculate the little or the much we can do, we should all, according to the diversity of the gifts which God has bestowed, bring the best that is in us, and lay it a reverend offering on the altar of humanity, to burn and enlighten; or, if that may not be, at least to rise in incense to heaven. So taught the GREAT TEACHER;—so will the pure in heart and the unselfish do; and will not heed, though they who *can* bring nothing, or *will* bring nothing, unless they can blaze like a beacon—call out "vanity!"

We live in a season of fermentation, which some deprecate as change—others hail as progress; but those who venture as they walk on their path through life to scatter a few seeds by the way-side in faith and in charity, may, at least, cherish a hope that, instead of being trampled down, or withered up, or choked among thorns, they will have a chance of life at least, and of bringing forth fruit,

little or much, in due season: for the earth, even by the way-sides of common life, is no longer dry and barren and stony hard, but green with promise—grateful for culture;—and we are at length beginning to feel that all the blood and tears by which it has been silently watered have not been shed in vain.

People call out about the *practical*, as if to be practical was the only good thing. If with your right hand you touch upon an evil, and do not bring the remedy in your left, *that* is unpractical; to believe in anything one does not see, *that* is unpractical; to sneer at arguments and yield to facts, *that* is practical. As those who watch in a factory the revolutions of a thousand wheels, the flying spindles, the huge iron powers grinding out fabrics of steel, and fabrics of muslin, never think of the living stream, softly trickling from the hill side, without which, whether it raise the piston, or turn the wheel, that vast machinery of complex forces, with all their complex results, had remained inert, useless, dead;—so no one seems to feel that beyond fact, argument, practice, theory,—lies a still power, which God and nature hold apart for silent, sacred uses.

There is much need of this feeling—of all the faith, courage, and comfort it can bring, when, with a sense deep and humble of my own helplessness in all practical things, I yet would venture to stir the sources of thought and feeling in those who have power to strive for the right, not in fugitive words, but in effective act and example.

After all that has been written, sung, and said of women, one has the perception that neither in prose nor in verse has she ever appeared as *the labourer*. All at once people are startled by being obliged to consider her under this point of view, and no other. It is now about three years since the condition and employments of the women and children in our manufacturing towns and in our agricultural districts, were made the subjects of two commissions of inquiry, and elicited two elaborate reports. These were published by order of the Government; the revelations they contained were noticed by newspapers, and afforded subjects for whole columns of revolting and exciting details; for eloquent paragraphs, full of wonder and indignation, and much pathetic verbiage written and spoken. When all that could be made topics

for the day was thus disposed of, the subject dropped;—I can well believe,—and some late measures of Government inspire the hope,—that it has not been forgotten; but it appeared to me that there was matter for deep, deep thought, not merely in the state of society revealed by these reports, but in the state of opinion revealed by the comments on these reports. As usual, there was a large outlay of pity, of indignation—but, as usual, there was no real sympathy, no perception of justice or injustice on the broad scale. In the midst of all the discussions, lamentations, and expostulations with which the press teemed on this occasion,—in the midst of all this exposure of wrongs inflicted and endured—it was curious to see how completely custom had blinded, hardened the otherwise acute mind and feeling heart to the great unacknowledged wrong which lies at the foundation of all. Until on this point the conscience of society is awakened, and opinion in some degree modified, it is in vain to admit the evil results; in vain to discuss remedies; in vain to legislate. Man's legislation for woman has hitherto been like English legislation for Ireland: it has been without sympathy; without the recognition of

equality; without a comprehension of certain innate differences, physical and moral, and therefore inadequate, useless, often unjust, and not seldom cruel.

To legislate for women as a part of the labouring community, our legislators must first understand what it is in our nature to desire; what it is in our power to perform; what it is in our duty to fulfil. Before you can do us right, you must do away with the wrong.

And what is the source of this wrong? It lies in the singular, unaccountable, and as it should seem, irreconcileable antagonism between the moral law, and the law of opinion. The press has lately teemed with works treating of the condition, the destiny, the duties of women.* It is perhaps a good sign that these publications have so multiplied, for it is a sign that attention is drawn to the subject: but as to the manner in which it is discussed—that is another thing. Some of these books are made up of trite common-places, and appear to have been written for the especial benefit of book societies,

* I would refer particularly to two admirable little books which have excited much attention, Miss Lewis's "Woman's Mission," and Mrs. Hugo Reid's "Plea for Women."

and seminaries for young ladies; these are the most popular. Others are in a more enlarged spirit, and aim at a higher purpose; these are the unpopular; but the theme, however treated, is one of the themes of the day. And now open any one of these books, which has obtained a certain meed of approbation—nay, open any book whatever—prose or poetry—morals, physics, travels, history, —they tell us one and all that the chief distinction between savage and civilized life, between Heathendom and Christendom, lies in the treatment and the condition of the women; that by the position of the women in the scale of society we estimate the degree of civilization of that society; that on her power to exercise her faculties and duties aright, depends the moral culture of the rising generation, — in other words, the progress of the species. All books —all arguments, all legislation, of which woman is the subject, declare as a first principle, and assume as an admitted fact, that in every class of Christian society there is what is called *domestic life;* that this domestic life supposes as its primary element the presence, the cares, the devotion of woman. Her sphere is *Home*, her vocation the maternal;—

not meaning thereby the literal bringing forth of children, but the nourishing, cherishing and teaching of the young. In all the relations between the sexes, she is the refiner and the comforter of man. It is hers to keep alive all those purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies,—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which man, exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life, and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate (*do* degenerate—for the case is not hypothetical) into mere brutes. Such is the beautiful theory of the woman's existence, preached to her by moralists, sung to her by poets, till it has become the world's creed—and her own faith, even in the teeth of fact and experience! Let man, the bread-winner, go abroad—let woman stay at *home*. Let her not be seen in the haunts of rude labour any more than in those of vicious pleasure: for is she not *the mother*?—highest, holiest, dearest title to the respect and the tenderness of her "protector *Man!*" All this sounds so very trite, one is ashamed of the repetition. Who has ever questioned the least of these truths, or rather truisms? No one;—the only wonder is, that while they are accepted, promulgated, taught as

indisputable, the real state of things is utterly at variance with them; and they are but lying common-places at best.

Our social system abounds with strange contradictions in law, morals, government, religion: but the greatest, the most absurd, the most cruel of all, is the anomalous condition of woman in this Christian land of ours. I call it *anomalous*, because it inculcates one thing as the rule of right, and decrees another as the law of necessity. "Woman's MISSION," of which people can talk so well, and write so prettily, is incompatible with "Woman's POSITION," of which no one dares to think, much less to speak.

The grand evil, the wrong which cries to Heaven, is the banishment of the woman from her *home* in childhood, girlhood, and wifehood.

First, owing to the inadequacy of the parents' wages, the poor little female children are sent out at five, nay, at three years old, that by working for seven or eight hours a-day, they may add one shilling to the amount of the weekly gains. I dare scarcely advert to this part of the report of the Commissioners, or to the evidence relating to the

maltreatment of infants, the thousands set to work before the age of nine, and at that age working ten or twelve hours a-day.* We cry out about unnatural mothers; but the mother must live,—to live she must work, and make her children work as soon as they can use their little hands;—no help for it!—We may shudder and talk of the necessity of taking away the children to educate them; but by what right will you take the food out of the mother's mouth, procurable by no other means than through her own and her children's perpetual toil? What alternative do you leave her between this course of unnatural cruelty, and absolute starvation? These are questions to be asked and answered; or our merciful reforms, and education systems, and *ten-hours'* Bills, are like to be only new forms of injustice and oppression. People must eat,—and if, in extremity of want, "the pitiful mother hath sodden her own child,"—she may be supposed capable, when want, and vice,

* As in the lace factories, where many children are employed from six to eight years old, and never see a bed, but lie down on the floor when their term of employment is over, and are permitted to sleep for two or three hours before they are again awakened to labour. See the Debate on the Lace Factory Bill, May 20th, 1846.

and ignorance, are combined, of dooming her child to premature toil, and all its horrid physical and moral results.

The children—those who survive—grow up to girlhood; as soon as possible they are emancipated, or rather, emancipate themselves, from the domestic control—such as it is—and work for their own maintenance. Those who have the choice, prefer the life of a factory girl to that of a household servant,—and they are not far wrong. They have comparative liberty, and work only at stated hours, but they thus acquire with habits of independence, habits of recklessness as regards others; impatience of all quiet, orderly obligations; selfishness, and every kind of unwomanly fault. The Commissioners, in the fifth section of their report, thus sum up their view of the case:—"It appears that the education of the girls is even more neglected than that of the boys; that the vast majority of the females are utterly ignorant; that it is impossible to over-rate the evils which result from this deplorable ignorance. The medical practitioners of Birmingham point out the misery which ensues from the neglected condition of the women,—

improvidence, absence of all comfort, abandonment of children, alienation of all affection in families, and drunkenness on the part of the husband."

A witness thus deposes: "My own experience tells me that the instruction of the females in the work of the house, in teaching them to produce cheerfulness and comfort at the fireside, would prevent a great amount of misery and crime. As a working man, and speaking from my own observation, female education is shamefully neglected; I attach more importance to it than to any thing else." This is the evidence of a mechanic. Not long ago an intelligent man of this class made in conversation with me a similar statement. "Ten years ago," said he, "there were no such girls as you see now in my native town—at least very few; now they are in hundreds;—girls who have no idea of any thing in the world but working for just as much money as will buy a gown to their back; girls without an idea of duty to God or man—without the sense of fear or shame."

From among such as these, the men, debased as themselves, take to them wives; for there has existed in the lower—that is, in the labouring classes —a necessity for marrying, such as the Malthu-

sians have not dreamed of in their philosophy. "Jim!" said a nobleman, in my hearing, to a labourer who was ditching in his grounds,—a poor, pale, half-idiotic looking object,—"I hear you have got married since I was down last; what could have put such a thing into your head, you fool?—Are you not ashamed?—What can you expect, but that you and your children will become a burthen to the parish?"

"If you please, my lord," replied Jim, twirling a ragged hat on his thumb, "I was, as one may say, eaten up with varmint, and—I married a wife to keep me clean!"

The plea was as unexpected as it was unanswerable. It seems, then, that among the agricultural labourers, a man still marries in the hope that his wife will "keep him clean;"—can he have even this small hope in our manufacturing districts, where the female children are guiding bobbins, or making nails, from morning to night?—or where the young girls can be described in such terms as these—"By constantly associating with depraved adults, they fall into all their ways,—drink, swear, fight, smoke, sing, and care for nobody;" (of these characteristics, that *care for nobody* is the most

unwomanish—the worst of all!) The Commissioner adds:—"The girls of some of our manufacturing districts are becoming similar to the female followers of an army; wearing the garb of women, but actuated by the worst passions of men, in every riot and outbreak the women are the leaders and exciters of the young men to violence; their language is of the most horrid description. In short, while they are demoralized themselves, they demoralize all that comes within their reach. It has been said, that Englishmen would never exhibit one hundredth part of the ferocity displayed by the French in 1789, and during the reign of terror, even if a similar crisis could occur here;—but it is difficult to say what the contagion of such examples, and such language, might effect."

The unmarried girl, free, reckless, irresponsible, becomes in time the wife and the mother. What is the training that has fitted her for the working man's wife? By the labour of her hands she adds, perhaps, a third to his weekly wages, while, by her carelessness and ignorance of all household duties, she wastes one-half of their united means;

or, by her insubordination and unwomanly habits, converts the home into a den of dirt, disquiet, misery. Even when well disposed, the disorderly habits of her childhood and youth leave her no chance but in a strength of character, and a combination of favourable influences, which are at least not common. "The girls, removed from their home, or from the school, to be employed in labour, are prevented from learning needle-work, and from acquiring those habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order, without which they cannot, when they grow up to womanhood, and have the charge of families of their own, economise their husband's earnings, or give their homes any degree of comfort; and this general want of the qualifications of a housewife in the women of this class, is stated by clergymen, teachers, medical men, employers, and other witnesses, *to be one great and universally prevailing cause of distress and crime among the working classes!*"

Yes; here is the *cause;*—but where is the remedy? If to exist, to procure a pittance of food and decent clothing, a young woman must toil incessantly at some handicraft from five years old

and upwards, where and how is she to learn needle-work, cookery, economy, cleanliness, and all "the arts of *home?*" These things are not taught in Sunday-schools, nor in Dame-schools;—and if they were, she has no time to learn them, nor opportunity to apply them, being learned;—she must toil in womanhood as in childhood and girl-hood;—always toil—toil—unremitting, heart-sickening, soul-and-body-wearing toil! What is the use of instituting a system of education if you continue a state of things in which that education is useless?—which renders it impossible for the woman to practise what the child has learned?—in which incessant labour is the sole condition of existence? The women of these classes have no *home,*—can we wonder they have no *morals?*

In the agricultural districts the woman is equally exposed, by a hard necessity, to these unwoman-ising, *unhomely* influences. True, there is this to be said, that out-of-door labour has not the same deteriorating effects, moral or physical, that are imputed to sedentary occupation in a confined atmosphere, as in button-making, nail-making, lace-making, straw-plaiting, &c. In the fields, the genial influences of external nature are felt in

spite of toil and misery: air, light, sunshine, movement of the limbs, are not in vain; the female children are not exposed to such work at a *very* early age, because bodily strength is here necessary; they do not *go out*, as it is called, till about eleven or twelve years old;—this is something: and, on the whole, it seems proved that agricultural labour, even of the roughest kind, when not absolutely immoderate, is conducive to the health; that it gives a firmness to the fibre, a soundness to the muscles, a regularity to the functions, and an equal tone to the spirits, not to be found in women of the same class in manufacturing towns;—not even in the women-servants, with far lighter work and better food. On the other hand, it is impossible that the degree of field labour can be exactly calculated and duly proportioned. It is mostly excessive; and too often the advantages I have alluded to are counterbalanced by the evils of overwork. The feminine constitution, even when hardened from infancy, cannot without injury sustain great and unremitting physical labour and exposure to cold and wet. The effects are seen in premature old age,—rheumatism, consumption, and, what is perhaps worse, in a coarseness of

nature and a roughness of deportment revolting in a female; in the sacrifice of the home—of all the comforts of home, as regards the husband and children; and all the gentler charities, the softening influences of home duties as regards herself.* Women, who, in their girlhood, are accustomed to perpetual field-work as the sole means of existence, know nothing of home discipline, and possess but few of those qualities which are the crowning graces of womanhood, and which were bestowed to soften and refine the rougher masculine nature. The whole frame is accustomed to action on too broad a scale for domestic life; the eye becomes regardless of precision and cleanliness; the habits—as in the factories—are undomestic, and unfavourable to personal subordination; all things that require frequent or constant attention are neglected. They are in the same condition as the women of the manufacturing districts as regards their ignorance of the commonest things affecting the welfare and com-

* "I have no hesitation in affirming that field-work for women, let it be overlooked as it may, is liable to great moral abuse; that little overlooked, as it mostly is, it is one of the greatest sources of immorality that I know."—*Report*, p. 73.

forts of a family, as needle-work, cookery, and all that pertains to the decencies of home. So here, again, there is *no home.* A woman, thus employed, is absent from her cottage all day; her children have been left to themselves; the younger in the charge of the elder—perhaps a guardian of seven or eight years old. They are in a state of dirt and idleness,—tear their clothes,—waste their food,—fight,—fall into the fire. The poor mother returns at night; she must not rest; she must look after her neglected infants. Then comes the husband—tired, wet, hungry;—finds that his wife has arrived just before him, more weary than himself: she cannot attend to him;—there is no fire, no comfort, no supper, no welcome, no "*home:*"—and he goes to the beer-shop!*

"I believe," says one of the Commissioners, who

* Report, p. 68.—"I think it a much better thing for mothers to be at home with their children; they are much better taken care of, and things go on better. I have always left my children to themselves, and, God be praised! nothing has happened to them, though I have thought it dangerous: I have many a time come home and have thought it a mercy that nothing has happened to them. It would be much better if mothers could be at home, but they must work. Bad accidents often happen."—*Evidence of a labouring woman.* See also pp. 5, 11—23, 26, 28, 65, 72, 104, 150, 359.

gives the most favourable view of this condition of the woman's life,—"I believe it would be much better for their husbands and children, if women were not engaged in such employments, in certain respects; but on the other hand, the observation repeatedly made to me, was that their earnings are a benefit to their families, which cannot be dispensed with without creating a great deal of suffering;—and, upon the fullest consideration, I believe that the earnings of a woman employed in the fields are an advantage which, in the present state of the agricultural population, outweighs any of the mischiefs arising from such employments."* That is to say, that such is the present state of the labourer in our free, rich, prosperous England, that the earning of three-and-sixpence a-week is of much more importance to him than the domestic services of his wife, her womanly qualities and habits, and the well-being of his children. All the morals and all the comforts, all the duties and charities of home, are not worth three-and-sixpence a-week!

* Report, p. 28.

But, leaving these classes,—in which a deficient education, habitual endurance, or an hereditary low organization, may be supposed to deaden the sense of suffering,—let us go a step higher, to the classes immediately above them; attorneys and apothecaries, tradesmen and shopkeepers, bankers' and merchants' clerks, &c. In this class more than two-thirds of the women are now obliged to earn their bread. This is an obligation which the advance of civilization, no less than the pressure of the times, has forced upon them; an obligation of which womankind, in the long-run, will not have reason to complain. Meanwhile, it is not of her just share of hardship, in hard times, that the woman complains at present; but she may well think it a peculiar hardship, a cruel mockery, that while such an obligation is laid upon her, and the necessity and the severity of the labour increases every day, her capabilities are limited by law—or custom, strong as law; or prejudice, stronger than either,—to one or two departments, while, in every other, the door is shut against her. She is educated for one destiny, and another is inevitably before her. Her education instructs her to love and adorn her home — "the woman's *proper*

sphere,"—cultivates her affections, refines her sensibilities, gives her no higher aim but to please man, "her protector;"—and allows her no other ambition than to become a good wife and mother. Thus prepared, or rather unprepared, her destiny sends her forth into the world to toil and endure as though she had nerves of iron;—she must learn to protect herself, or she is more likely to be the victim and prey of her "protector, man,"—than his helpmate and companion. She cannot soothe his toils; for, like him, she must toil; to live, she must work,—but, by working, can she live?

It ought to be no question whether those who are able and willing to work can live by their work,—but here it is a question. In these middle classes, the opportunities afforded to men to gain a living, are, compared with those of the women, as ten to one; yet the men tell us that the competition is so great, they find it difficult to maintain themselves,—and to maintain a wife and children next to impossible. The increasing number of unmarried men with their reading clubs, mechanics' institutes—we will say nothing of taverns, theatres, and other places of social resort—argues, of course, an increasing number of unmarried

females, who not only have no opportunities of mutual improvement, and social recreation, but if they be "respectable" women, cannot even walk through the streets without being subjected to the insults of men, also called and esteemed "respectable;" and who are destined never to be either wives or mothers, though they have heard from their infancy that such, by the appointment of God, is their vocation in this world, and no other. Such may be their vocation, but such is not their destiny: no, they must go forth to labour; to encounter on every side strange iron prejudices, adverse institutions formed and framed in a social state quite different from that which exists at present—a state in which the position of the women was altogether different from what it is now. One of the greatest moral writers of the day has thus strikingly put the case. "A woman, from the uneducated classes, can get a subsistence by washing, and cooking, by milking cows, and going to service; in some parts of the kingdom by working in a cotton mill, &c. But for an educated woman, a woman with the powers which God gave her, religiously improved, with a reason which lays life open before her, an

understanding which surveys science as its appropriate task, and a conscience which would make every species of responsibility safe—for such a woman there is in all England no chance of subsistence, but by teaching—that almost ineffectual teaching which can never countervail the education of circumstances, and for which not one in a thousand is fit—or by being the feminine gender of the tailor and the hatter."—"There are departments of art and literature from which it is impossible to shut women out. These are not, however, to be regarded as resources for bread. Besides, the number who succeed in art and literature being necessarily small, it seems pretty certain that no great achievements in the domains of art can be looked for from either men or women who labour there to supply their lower wants, or for any other reason than the pure love of their work. While they toil in any one of the arts of expression, if they are not engrossed by some loftier meaning, the highest which they will end with expressing will be the need of bread."* This is most true. It ought not to be "the need of bread" which drives the woman to the artist-life—yet how often

* Deerbrook, vol. ii.

is it so!—And of the low intellectual and moral state of those unhappily *driven* to such resources, I will not here speak; nor of the complex difficulties and dangers and disgusts, that surround the woman endowed with those high and rare gifts which form the artist, and make her recoil from the profession of art, public or private, unless forced by the need of bread into a sphere of life which only her free choice can crown with dignity and true success. But these, it will be said, are the exceptions: the artist life is the condition of the few; while needlework and teaching the young, "the feminine gender of the tutor and the tailor," seem the natural employments of the woman; and whatever may be otherwise her gifts and powers, in harmony with all her instincts. Moreover, she is willing to do or be any thing which shall procure her a decent subsistence, and save her from becoming a burthen to those already over-burthened; so, driven by stern necessity from the home for which she was educated, she goes forth to struggle with the harsh destinies for which she was *not* educated. What shall she be? A governess? that is always the first thought; it is the only *genteel* profession open to her;

accordingly the competition is here so enormous, that the chances against her are a hundred to one, even supposing her qualified, which is seldom the case. Without entering here on the statistics of governesses, (I shall have much to say on that subject further on,) I will merely observe, that in these educating days we do not pay governesses better, nor estimate them more highly, but we require more of them. Many a young woman, who a few years ago would easily have obtained a situation as teacher, cannot do so now. And among the causes of the ill health of the whole governess class, not the least is the deficient education which obliges them too often to learn the task they have to teach, and thus condemns them to a double exertion, accompanied by concealed anxiety—and doubts that wear the nerves, and exhaust the spirits. If her acquirements be beneath those demanded of the nursery teacher, she has one other resource, she can be a dressmaker. Every one remembers the sensation caused by that part of the Government report, which described the condition of the milliners and dressmakers—the picture of hopeless suffering and quiet misery, derangement of health, loss of sight, and gradual

extinction of the powers of youth and life, attendant on excessive and monotonous sedentary labour. It is admitted, in the face of all this known suffering, that in this class of women also the competition is so great, as to leave a poor young woman but little chance of earning her bread: as long as the great "houses" can procure girls to work for eighteen hours out of twenty-four, or "sit up three nights in the week through the season," they can do without more hands. No room for her here!—No,—though she should be ready for twelve or fifteen shillings a week to wear her eyes out, or work her fingers to the bone. What shall she do? she can write a good hand, and is a quick ready accountant. She might be a clerk,—or a cashier,—or an assistant in a mercantile house. Such a thing is common in France, but here in England who would employ her? Who would countenance such an innovation on all our English ideas of feminine propriety? And as such it must be regarded as long as the woman is the licensed prey of the man, unprotected by opinion, or custom, or Christian charity. I have heard of women employed in writing and engrossing for attorneys, but this is scarcely an acknowledged means of

existence: they are employed secretly, and merely because they are paid much less than men. What then remains? the young woman tenderly brought up, who is discouraged by the difficulties, and, I will add, by the dangers and insults to which her position exposes her, may shrink back to her poor home if she have one:—if it be a kind home, to feel acutely her own helplessness; if it be an unkind home, to be taunted with cruel words, till no longer able to endure bitter dependence, she goes forth into the streets, or shrinks into a lonely garret, to make shirts for sixpence a piece—"finding her own thread." Is the picture exaggerated? Some may think so; but those who have looked into the real state of things, know that it is so far from being overstated, that it rather falls short of the truth. Those who admit the truth, acknowledge the wrong,—but it remains unremedied, and "no man layeth it to heart."

When the evidence relating to the condition of the girls employed in dressmaking and needlework was first made public, what a topic for newspaper sympathy! What indignation against selfish employers, thoughtless women of fashion, and the

luxury of dress! Yet I do not see that a reform in gowns and caps would necessarily cure, or even ameliorate, the evil. If, when thus shocked and startled, our fine ladies had been suddenly seized with a fit of economy and "late remorse," the immediate result would have been, that hundreds of poor girls who now derive a wretched existence from their luxury, would have been thrown out of work—would have had no existence at all, or one still more wretched,—more degraded—adding infamy to misery. Are we prepared for this? Have we any other alternative to offer them? "The Bridge of Sighs," perhaps,—I know no other.

Education is the panacea offered for these crying evils;—education: and truly, if we could swallow it at once as we do a bit of bread, it might do some good; but it will be ten years, at least, before the best system of education can be made available,—twenty, before it can be seen in its effects; meantime parties dispute as to what that education shall be; who is to be the schoolmaster in chief—the Church or the State?—and while this dispute is going on, it is publicly avowed in the council of our legislators, that "a generation is growing up

around us more miserable, more debased than any previous generation for the last three hundred years;" and can we wonder at it when the mothers of the race are miserable, over-worked; and from the difficulties which attend the gaining of a subsistence and the dearness of food, are sold to occupations unfitted to their sex, which deteriorate body and soul, and which render the care and nurture of their children a secondary matter?

The condition of the woman in savage life has been considered as peculiarly degraded. I have seen those women—lived among them. Individually, they never appeared to me so pitiable as the women of civilised life. In those communities the degradation is positive, not relative; all fare alike—the lot of one is the lot of all; and the oppressed woman is not in fact more *degraded* than the brute-man. Unfeminine drudgery—every cruelty that the stronger can inflict on the weaker,

> "The pressure of an alien tyranny,
> With its dynastic reasons of larger bones
> And stronger sinews,"

seems the inevitable, the natural destiny of all women in a barbarous state. In civilised life, it is

the fate of a large portion; and those who are exempted from it are so, apparently, by no claims of sex, no security afforded by law, but merely by accident of position. Then again among the Orientals, where the men are without rights, the women can have none: relatively to the social condition of the men, who are themselves slaves, the women seem in their natural position as the slaves of slaves. It is in the most civilised among Christian nations that the woman is shocked and distracted by the contradictions in her destiny. In our England the labouring woman of the lower classes, were she able to make the comparison, would rather be a savage, or the slave of a Turk, than be what she is: but go one step higher, and every feeling and reflecting woman sees that, in the capability of the few to rise above the rest, there is hope for all; and in the midst of suffering, and in the struggle with a discordant social position, she blesses heaven that she is an Englishwoman—that she lives under a dispensation which, at least, professes to equalise the sexes, and under a law which lays upon her the duties and responsibilities of a free subject, though

as yet it refuses her some of the dearest rights of freedom:—these will come in time.*

But returning once more to the especial purpose of this essay, let me ask one question of those best able to solve it. Let me ask what is the reason that, in legislating in behalf of women (as in the Custody of Infants' Bill,) or in originating any measures, private or public, of which the employment or education of women is the object, such strange, such insurmountable obstacles occur as seem to daunt the most generous and zealous of their public advocates, and defeat all the aims of private benevolence, however well and wisely con-

* I heard it said by the magistrate of the principal West-end office in London, that the thing which had most astonished him on the bench was, the inconceivable amount of ill-treatment and brutality which the wretched women of the lower classes endure before they appeal to the law for protection: they have a feeling that the law is against them, as women; that they have no claim to *equal* justice; and "what they endure under this impression, would not," he said, "be believed or conceived." On mentioning this statement to the magistrate at the head of one of the principal offices in the City, he strongly,—even with emotion,—corroborated it from his own experience. In May, 1846, one of the eloquent leading articles in "The Times," called forth by some signal exposure of domestic oppression, advocated the necessity of extending legal protection in some more definite form to the women of the lower classes.

sidered? It seems to argue something rotten at the very foundation of our social institutions, that this should be so invariably the case.

The importance of the education of the women, the dreadful evils which spring out of their neglected and perverted state, are pointed out and acknowledged. But how will our legislators, in framing a national system of education, meet and dispose of the strange contradictions which arise out of the social position of the woman?—a law of nature, which renders *her* necessary to the *home;*—a law of opinion,—a license of custom,—which renders the protection of a home necessary to *her;* and a state of things whch throws her into the midst of the world, to struggle and toil for her daily bread?

It appears by the whole tenour of these official reports, that all attempts to legislate or interpose in favour of women interfere with masculine privileges, with rights of husbands or of fathers, and are fraught with difficulties and dangers,—no one ventures to state openly of what particular nature, or even to give them a definite shape in his own fancy; but every one feels them, and every one shrinks from them.

If a woman presume to question such rights and privileges, or even allude, in the most distant manner, to the horrors and moral disorders to which they give rise, it is "unfeminine,"—it shocks the nice delicacy of "her protector, man;" and yet the assumption that the woman consults the decorum of her sex by appearing not to know that which she does know—that which all the world *knows* that she knows—the common, and oftentimes, most fatal assumption, that women have "*nothing to do*" with certain questions, lying deep at the very root and core of society, has falsehood on the very face of it; but no one dares to look it in the face, and show its heartlessness—its hatefulness! If woman has nothing to do with what concerns the fidelity of her husband, the health and virtue of her sons, the peace and honour of her daughters,—with what, in heaven's name, *has* she to do?

Then we have institutions for the reform and education of juvenile delinquents and outcasts —boys of course. When the same attempt was made in behalf of poor little girls, it failed: after struggling for a few years with difficulties

such as no zeal could surmount, it was given up. It was gravely said, that when a boy of twelve or fourteen had been exposed to bad influences, the case was far from hopeless; but that a girl early depraved, was depraved for ever. I, for one, absolutely deny this. It is a matter of opinion for which there is no necessity in nature. It is the prejudice which makes the necessity; and I regard it as a most cruel and besotted prejudice, that which shuts the gates of mercy against the wronged and the innocent, and which condemns these poor little forlorn creatures, most of whom have been injured without consciousness or will on their own part, to live and die in sin,—to rot and perish, body and soul. There are things done and suffered in the midst of society, even now, on which our posterity, a generation or two hence, will look with as much horror as we now look back on the wholesale burnings of witches, which were the common-places of two centuries ago.

. . .

It is now about four years since the government opened a female School of Design at Somerset-house. In a state of things, such as I have here ventured to touch upon, it seemed no mighty

effort of generosity, that the advantages already given to about two hundred boys should be extended to twenty or thirty girls;—that a poor young woman should be enabled to obtain, at a small cost, the power of using a pencil, drawing ornaments, inventing patterns. Thus adding one more to their limited means of existence; and one particularly calculated for the quick fancy, the elegant taste, and the neat ready hand of a woman.

The first expression of opinion which this just and benevolent project elicited, was a petition drawn up by the artists employed in wood engraving, praying that the women might not be taught, at the expense of the government, arts which would "interfere with the employment of men, and take the bread out of their mouths;" and further "tempt the women to forego those household employments more befitting their sex." (No petitions were presented on the part of the men against young women let out in gangs to break stones and dig potatoes.*)

As to this petition of which I speak, it was to my knowledge handed about for signature, and

* *Vide* Report on the Condition of the Women and Children in the Agricultural Districts, p. 220.

though, of course, some just and generous-hearted men were found who absolutely refused to sign it, it was numerously signed; whether it was ever presented I do not know; but this was not the only opposition. The moment the idea of a public drawing-school for girls was started, it was met with cool derision as a thing impossible, ridiculous, out of the question. It had to encounter such difficulties, sneers, petty objections, jealous interference, that it required months of perseverance on the part of one or two good hearted and resolute men to bring it to bear,—and all this on the score of morals, forsooth! One would have thought that half London was to be demoralized because a class of thirty or forty girls were taught to use a pencil under the same roof with a class of boys, though the two schools were separated by three stories! The reader, perhaps, pauses and doubts, and finds it difficult to be serious. The writer feels that such things have their serious, and even their tragic, aspect. If there be no just cause for these fears and scruples, it is ridiculous enough; but if there *be* just cause, it is monstrous.

This, then, is what I mean when I speak of the

anomalous condition of women in these days. I would point out as a primary source of incalculable mischief, the contradiction between her assumed and her real position; between what is called her proper sphere by the laws of God and nature, and what has become her real sphere by the law of necessity, and through the complex relations of artificial existence. In the strong language of Carlyle, I would say that "here is a LIE, standing up in the midst of society." I would say, "Down with it, even to the ground;" —for while this perplexed and barbarous anomaly exists, fretting like an ulcer at the very heart of society, all mere specifics and palliatives are in vain. The question must be settled one way or another; either let the man in all the relations of life be held the natural guardian of the woman—constrained to fulfil that trust—responsible to society for her well being and her maintenance; or if she be liable to be thrust from the sanctuary of home to provide for herself through the exercise of such faculties as God has given her, let her at least have fair play; let it not be avowed in the same breath, that protection is necessary to her, and that it is refused to her; and while we send

her forth into the desert, and bind the burthen on her back, and put the staff into her hand,—let not her steps be beset, her limbs fettered, and her eyes blindfolded.

VI.

ON THE

RELATIVE SOCIAL POSITION

OF

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Of the relations which exist between one human being and another, some are necessary as arising out of our individual nature, our wants, our instincts, our affections,—and some are necessary as arising out of our common nature and the laws which bind us together in communities;—and all these relations, in some form or other, however modified by custom, are common to all periods and countries, and all degrees of civilization.

Other relations there are, not natural, not necessary, arising out of a very luxurious and complicate state of society, most important in their bearing on our happiness, hard to define, harder to deal with, because society does not recognise in them any right or privilege—the law does not protect them—opinion does not reach them.

Of these merely conventional relations, one of the most artificial, the most anomalous, is the existence of a class of women whom we style private governesses; women employed to give such home training and instruction as are necessary to our children, and fulfil the highest of those duties which, in a simpler state of society, devolve on the parents.

Tutors, schoolmasters, teachers by profession of the other sex, are almost as old as society itself—date from Chiron the Centaur down to Bishop Prettyman. Where we are to seek for the prototype of governesses in the antique time I do not know, unless it may be in Minerva herself, whose Olympian avocation it was to keep the Muses and Graces in order, and who taught the daughters of Pandarus to spin and to weave; but we do not find that this celestial example served to give any dignity to governesship even in those times. Female arts were taught by female slaves: the liberal arts by men.

In the Middle Ages the education of the young was a *religious* vocation on the part of the women as of the men,—it is still so in the latter case. The

profession of tutor in our days seems a part of the clerical profession, and is in many instances a stepping-stone to high ecclesiastical preferment. With every advance in civilization, the position of the instructor advances in importance and in dignity; how is it that precisely the reverse is the case where women are concerned? With them the task of education has ceased to have the sanctity and dignity of a religious calling; it has taken no rank as a profession; and it leads to nothing that I know of but a broken constitution, and a lonely unblessed old age. It is at the most an occupation affording the means of a present subsistence, and that a very poor one, with the prospect, at best, of half-starving on a charitable pension of 15*l.* a-year from some Benevolent Institution, or perhaps a little annuity of 30 or 40*l.*, scraped together by the toil of some twenty years—the best years of existence.*

The inferior position of the woman, and the inferior value of her services, as compared with the same classes in the other sex, is in no instance so

* At the election which took place at a meeting of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, in May last, there were sixty-five candidates for two pensions of 15*l.* a-year;—all these had been engaged in tuition from twenty to fifty years.

obvious, so bitterly felt, so unspeakably unjust, as in this.

One reason may be that the profession of a tutor infers the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that it is only one of the many paths in which a man going forth into the world, to fulfil the man's duty and destiny, may earn an honourable livelihood, by means which do not prevent him from mingling with society and with the world, nor shut him out from advancement and improvement; while with the woman, "whose proper sphere is home,"—the woman who either has no home, or is exiled from that which she has,—the occupation of governess is sought merely through necessity, as the *only* means by which a woman not born in the servile classes *can* earn the means of subsistence.

It may be asked, "And why should this be such a very great hardship? if the training of the young be the woman's natural vocation—peculiarly fitted to the feminine organization—in harmony with her whole being—one would imagine that, under ordinary circumstances, it would be her choice, her aim, her happiness, to fulfil it. How is it then

that the position should generally be one of such suffering, that a woman who knows any thing of the world would, if the choice were left to her, be any thing *in* the world rather than be a governess?"

It used to be only the titled and the rich who required governesses for their daughters; there were few women either inclined to the task, or by education qualified for it, and it was generally fulfilled by the poorer relatives of the family. It is within the last fifty years, since marriage has become more and more difficult,—forced celibacy, with all its melancholy and demoralizing consequences, more and more general,—that we find that governesses have become a class, and a class so numerous, that the supply has, in numbers at least, exceeded the demand. Yet ask any of your friends and acquaintance;—they will tell you that the difficulty of procuring on any terms such a woman as they would choose to entrust their children to, seems to increase in proportion with the crowds of needy competitors:—and no doubt it is so. The causes we may hear discussed by mothers from time to time with wonder, with lamentation, with a sort of disgust, as if the difficulties lay all on one side! But *if* it be so, most certainly it is not the gover-

nesses who *make* the difficulties. Granted that out of a thousand women who offer themselves as governesses, there is scarcely one qualified for the task—we must grant also that out of a thousand employers, there is scarcely one who has a proper idea of how a governess ought to be treated. Nevertheless, be it observed, the requisitions and the stipulations are all on one side, all on the part of the employer; the governess generally offers herself, and the best that is in her, for any thing that she can get. It is a contract without equality; a bargain in which, on one side at least, there is no choice. So from the very beginning we have the germ of those vexations, and difficulties, and misunderstandings, which perplex what might seem at first view to be one of the simplest of all the social relations. For is it not a very simple thing, that affectionate and intelligent parents, who for sufficient reasons repudiate the idea of sending their daughters from home, and whose occupations prevent them from making their education a chief care, should take into their family a lady well mannered and well educated, who for a certain stipend will supply, in certain things, the place of the mother? It is a bargain like all other bargains, —"I give you what *you* want, taking in return

what *I* want;" and when these people,—father, mother, and governess—thus necessary to each other—are thrown together, how is it that the mutual relation becomes so often to the one a "bore," to the other a "gêne," to the third a burthen;—to all three unsatisfactory, and to one of the three well nigh intolerable?

The misfortune is, that this mutual contract not only begins with an inequality, which leaves on one side no choice—it involves a *contradiction*. No social arrangements can violate certain natural and necessary premises with impunity, nor indeed without admixture of much evil. The relation which exists between the governess and her employer either places a woman of education and of superior faculties in an ambiguous and inferior position, with none of the privileges of a recognized profession, or it places a vulgar, half-educated woman in a situation of high responsibility, requiring superior endowments. In either of these cases, and one or other is almost inevitable, the result cannot be good; *must* in fact bring with it more or less of evil consequences, to be dealt with as best we may.

Benevolent persons, struck by the great, the growing perplexities and miseries which arise out of this particular relation, have given it much consideration ; — have suggested, — have attempted various remedies,—have given them up one after another in despair,—and have ended with the conviction, expressed openly, yet not without a sigh, that the evil is at once necessary and irremediable; that it is past hope, past cure, past help. Yet, God forbid!—How, where there is no sin, only mistake, can there be irremediable evil? When evil springs out of the natural course of things, it is sent for a trial, and finds its remedy also in the natural course of things. But, say you, " this particular relation does not spring out of the natural course of things; it is wholly unnatural and artificial; there is no remedy but in abolishing it altogether; and this is impossible: therefore, what remains, but still to go on heaping mischief on error and misery until the wrong, in its magnitude and its publicity, find its cure!"

This, surely, is a desperate view of the matter. It is very possible, that the necessity of having private governesses, except in particular cases, may at some future time be done away with by a

systematic and generally accessible education for women of all classes; and that some other means of earning a subsistence may be opened to the earnest woman, willing and able to work; mean time, the present evil lies a stumbling-block and a rock of offence before us; and in the midst of our hopes of what may, or might, or ought to be, let us look to what is. Private governesses exist, must live, must be employed by those who cannot do without them: and as the case is beyond the reach of public law or opinion, is it not worth while to try how far an exposition of the true state of this relation between the mother and the governess might influence private opinion and individual feeling?

Here are two women who meet, as it were, from the opposite extremities of society,—the woman of the people, and the woman of the aristocracy;—the poor woman who sells her services, and the rich woman who buys them;—the woman who has known what it is to eat her daily bread in bitterness, perhaps to want it, and the woman whose days have run

> "Far, far aloof from want, from grief, from fear,
> From all that teaches brotherhood to man."

Strangers perhaps for half a life-time, they are brought all at once into intimate alliance, through common objects of solicitude, through daily communion; equal, perhaps, by nature and by education, they are divided by position, by prejudices of caste, by pride—defensive, if not offensive,—by acquired habits of thought; and looking in each other's faces every day, they remain to the end strangers.

Yes, we all know that there must be social distinctions—rich and poor—noble and plebeian; but to one who has learned to look on this motley world with an equal eye;—who has dwelt on equal terms with high and low,—dreadful is the *feeling* which in these days, and in our country especially, separates class from class, setting between them a fathomless gulf of ignorance, worse than any *chevaux-de-frise* of pride or hatred! In the latter case there is something for the generous on both sides to overcome,—to resist; but before that dark gulf, of which they cannot measure the depth nor the breadth till they find it gaping in their path, they stand powerless, and stare across it into each other's faces, which show like masks, not men!

A benevolent project, which was started within the last few years, for the institution of a college for governesses, raised the question as to whether a woman should be educated expressly for this employment; and if so, what kind of education she ought to receive?

Opinions varied. It is found that a woman can seldom teach well, because she has so seldom been well taught; besides, that teaching is an art in itself, requiring, like other arts, practice as well as theory. It is found that elemental knowledge is best imparted by women—kindly, patient, clear-headed women; but that the moment we rise above the mere elements, we are conscious of a deficiency in all female teaching; a want of comprehensiveness and completeness; a want of method,—a want of certainty in themselves: and, farther, that the power of teaching effectively a particular branch of knowledge is quite a different thing from the capability of inspiring the love and the taste for knowledge.

For myself, I should not much like to take into my family a woman educated expressly for a teacher. I should expect to meet with something of a machine; for a little consideration will show

how almost impossible it is for a woman, whose faculties have been engrossed by the *means*, to have a comprehensive view of the *end* and *aim* of acquiring knowledge,—particularly if such acquired knowledge is regarded merely as so much capital to be laid out at interest, the return to be estimated in pounds, shillings, and pence. A college expressly to teach women the art of teaching would be very useful; we want good and efficient female teachers for all classes, and there is no reason why we should not have female professors of distinct branches of knowledge, as grammar, arithmetic, the elements of mathematics, music, dancing, drawing;—but I do not trust to a woman professing them all in a lump: and, farther, I am of opinion, that the same qualifications which might render a woman an admirable teacher of one distinct branch of knowledge would not render her a desirable governess; for to instruct is one thing, and to educate is another;—it requires a training of quite a different kind from any that could be given in a college for governesses.

As to what that training ought to be, I have heard opinions which show fearfully how custom may pervert the most upright and benevolent of

minds. I have heard it said, and supported by argument, that, to fit a woman for a private governess, you must not only cram her with grammar, languages, dates, and all the technicalities of teaching, but you must educate her in the seclusion of a nunnery, — inure her to privation, discipline, drudgery; and, above all, avoid the cruelty,—yes, *that* was the word,—the *cruelty* of giving her any ideas, feelings, aspirations, which might render the slavery of her future life more dreadful than of necessity it must be. In other words, it should be permitted to us to set apart a certain class of women, who, without the elevating sense of a religious obligation, should be condemned to worse bondage and seclusion than any nuns; and youth, which "God anointed with the oil of gladness," be made to them as dark, and barren, and bitter as possible, on system;—and for what?—that they may be better able to educate our children? A moment's thought shows us the monstrous injustice and inhumanity of such a calculation, even though it were admitted that the means should avail for the purpose; but they would turn out as foolish and short-sighted as all other injustice. The best way to prepare a woman to work and endure, is to make her strong in the sense of duty, cheerful,

confiding, healthful, hopeful in mind and temper; —to increase, in short, all her means of happiness. Would you take into your house a poor abject, sickly machine of a woman—broken to endurance,—and that by no natural process of reason and self-control, but much as you would break your heifer to the plough; with whom such endurance was not a deep Christian principle of duty, but a miserable humiliating necessity? Does not the idea, that a special training of *character* should be necessary for a governess mark the falsity of the position, or, at least, the mistaken ideas which prevail with regard to it?—particularly if you allow that such training is against our better nature, and would form a disagreeable, unloveable, or inefficient woman in any other condition? The fact is, that the same education which would form the good mother, would form the good governess; and the same qualities which you would desire to find in a woman, in any relation of life, should satisfy you in her to whom you trust your children; —good principles, good sense, good feeling, good taste, good manners;—and add, of course, that genuine love of children, without which the feminine organization cannot be deemed complete.

Let us now try if it be not possible to reconcile some diversities of opinion and feeling, by showing the futility of certain expectations, objections, and requisitions on both sides. So many of the worst evils complained of spring not so much from ill-feeling as from ignorance, and mismanagement, and misconception,—that if we could place this mutual contract on a basis founded in mutual understanding, it might prevent at least some disappointment and some pain. At least, would it not be better than merely proving by words, that wrong is *wrong*, leaving it there without an effort to make it right? —for this seems to me the greatest wrong of all.

And first, I address myself to the MOTHER: not the weak, half-educated, unthinking, selfish mother, with a soul knit up in prejudices, but the well-educated, right-hearted, candid, and understanding mother.

"You are in search of a governess for your children? You require of course all the cardinal virtues; all the branches of knowledge; all the "experience in tuition;" and all the "unexceptionable references" that ever were set forth in a

newspaper advertisement. Or—*no!*—you are *not* so unreasonable? You have thought on the subject; have considered that you cannot expect to have all imaginable perfections combined for your especial use. You limit your expectations within the range of possibilities, and your requisitions to what you feel to be absolutely *indispensable*, considering the views you entertain for your children. As a matter of course, unexceptionable morals, or she could not be received within your house; perfect integrity, or she could not remain in it. The treasurer who must give security for his capability and his honesty, through whose hands must pass heaps of uncounted gold, has a mean charge compared with that you lay on her,—the innocence of your children; the priceless treasure of their hearts, souls, hopes here and hereafter: therefore *integrity*. Good sense necessary to all,—most necessary in a position scarce defined by custom or opinion, of which the bearings must be determined by personal character: and good temper, for who would intrust the daily comfort and well-being of their children to one who had not the best of tempers? Then with regard to the most important point of all,—her religious creed,—it must be in

unison with your own. You are not intolerant—would not under any other circumstances make inquisition into the tenets of any human being; but here it is different. You must, for the sake of domestic harmony in that most vital of interests, have the assurance that her opinions are in accordance with your own; her convictions as fixed—as sincere. Then, though you do not expect her to be as learned as an adept or a professor, she must be well versed in elementary science; must be well informed on all common subjects, for how else could she meet the eager questioning of intelligent children? The classics you do not absolutely insist on; some knowledge of Latin—just to get Master Henry forward in the holidays—would be very acceptable,—still you do not insist on it; but modern languages, and a taste for literature, sufficient to give a colouring to the whole mind, are matters of course. Lastly, excellent manners—not merely as example to her pupils, but necessary to ensure her the respect of those above and below her. Put all these indispensable requisites together,—enlightened piety, unimpeachable morals, integrity, good sense, good temper, sound cultivation, elegance of mind and manners,—these assuredly

would form in their combination a sort of rara-avis, "*une femme comme il y en a peu.*" What more could you demand in the friend you would grapple to your heart? Yet this you require, and expect to find in a woman so circumstanced, that she shall be glad to accept dependence as a boon, and grateful for such payment as you can afford for the devotion of all these gifts and graces to your especial use and advantage!

"You feel the ridicule of this: but a governess you must have. You are resigned to endure some short-comings—some imperfections. If you can obtain integrity and a cultivated mind, you will put up with some little want of manners—you can yourself supply *that* deficiency. If there be sense, integrity, and good manners, the deficiencies in learning may be supplied by masters. A very young lady, wholly inexperienced, is a great trouble; but then you have something more fresh in feeling—more pliable to your views;—you may be able, in some points, to form the mind which is to form the minds of your children: this is worth a thought. On the other hand, if you engage one who, to use the common phrase, is "accustomed to tuition,"

and has spent several years in "families of the first distinction," you are likely to have a good deal of the mere *métier*, a good deal of system and self-love; to fall upon one who may have begun with a heart, and has been petrified into a formality; but you will have the advantage of school-room routine, ability, and experience, which also are worth consideration. You weigh the alternatives on these points, and at length, after a long search, you find at last not all—not half—you could wish, but "some one that will *do*," some one, who, as you have reason to believe, will not abuse your confidence; who is perfectly orthodox; who will teach grammar, and geography, and music, and the other "branches of education," as well as she can; who has gentle manners, and will attend to your directions, and follow out your views, as far as she has capacity to do so: and with this you try to rest satisfied;—very surely you ought to be so, and not only satisfied, but thankful.

"Well, then, you have found a governess not highly, but sufficiently qualified for the trust. You have done your duty so far to your children. The duties of your governess being precisely laid down,

you will next—for I suppose myself addressing a woman with a heart and a conscience—consider what are your duties to *her*. As the mother and mistress of your family, you have duties to each member of your family, and none more serious than towards the person entrusted with the education of your children. I do not here speak of such duties as a matter of calculation as regards your children; nor do I say, what is obvious enough, that the proper discharge of such duties involves *their* welfare. I take far other ground,—and I say to you, that you are responsible for as much of the well-being of that person as depends on you, the mistress and head of your family. Will you reply, 'I have engaged a governess to save myself time and trouble, not to give myself additional trouble; she is to manage my children. I cannot take upon myself to manage *her*. If I treat her with civility, and pay her salary quarterly, the rest, I presume, is her business. I must really leave her to take care of her own happiness.'

"Some might say this; *you*, whom I suppose myself addressing, will not say so. You will acknowledge at once that you have duties relatively to

her. The power is on your side, and there can be no power without corresponding responsibilities. You only wish to place them before you clearly, and to discharge them conscientiously. You feel that it is a great mistake,—if it be not a grievous sin,—to regard the human being who dwells beneath your roof, and in the shadow of your protection, merely as an instrument to be used for your own purposes. *She* also has a life to be worked out, in respect to which her present duty to you and your children—give it all the importance you will—is a means, not an end. You may help the working out of this life, or you may put an extinguisher on it. You may contribute to make it a bright, dignified, hopeful, heart-solacing progress through trouble to peace—such peace as the world cannot give; or a rueful, heavy, degrading, and detested burthen, endured only through necessity, and to be thrown off at the first possible moment. In short, the relation between you and your children's governess may be, in a religious point of view, what all other relations of life are—a mutual help to salvation, through the virtues it may call forth—forbearance, self-control, heart-service, sincerity, and all benign and generous feelings; or it may be

what is called a 'snare,'—that is, a provocative to all bad passions,—arrogance, petty tyranny, suspicion, selfish hardness, on one side; discontent, dissembling, silent heart-festering, on the other. True, *she* has taken up her burthen, and must bear it as she may—we each bear our burthen through life; but if, through neglect of yours, or abuse of power, that burthen be rendered intolerable, the sin be upon you. Be assured that you will be held responsible for the tears shed in secret beneath your roof; and if there come a day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be laid open, you will be filled with horror at the revelation of the suffering you have—not willingly, not intentionally perhaps—but most heedlessly and most recklessly inflicted.

"'You should cultivate cheerfulness,' said a lady in an authoritative tone to her pale governess,—which was much as if she had ordered her gardener to cultivate her flowers without rain or sunshine. 'Go to—make brick without straw,' was nothing to this! Most assuredly it is the duty of the governess to endure, as cheerfully as possible, what is unavoidable in her position—confinement, solitude, daily toil, the restraint of a monotonous and yet unquiet existence. It will be your duty to give

what relief may be possible; to afford some facilities for change of employment, some opportunities for variety and rest; all that *can* be afforded in this way, where children are concerned, must amount to so very little, and that little is so precious and so necessary, that it should be a matter of conscience on one side, and of stipulation on the other—not a matter of favour. I recollect an instance of a young girl of twenty, with the best will and intentions, and some qualities admirably suited to her task, who, within two years, became languid, nervous, hysterical, and at length utterly broken down. She was obliged to give up her situation. Here, though great and lasting injury was inflicted, no unkindness was intended—I should say, on the contrary, all *kindness* was intended; and the services of the young lady were well paid and highly valued. The mother was full of lamentations at her own loss, and her friends condoled with her. The whole scene, which I witnessed, reminded me of an anecdote told by Horace Walpole: how my Lord Castlecomer's tutor broke his leg, and how every one exclaimed, 'What an exceeding inconvenience to my Lady Castlecomer!'

"If you engage a young governess, as less likely to have certain fixed habits, and more likely to bring to her task a cheerful temper (though this by no means follows of course), you must remember that some patience will be necessary; you cannot expect to find her all at once efficient. She will be presumptuous, perhaps, or perhaps she will be nervous and over-anxious. In either case she will require your forbearance, or even help. There is much in making a good beginning. Give her all the benefit of your better knowledge of your children's characters; let no maternal vanity interfere with your truth in this respect; encourage her to refer to you,—and when she does so, avoid a too dictatorial tone; she may, without being a weak woman, be a timid, sensitive woman; the tone of command discourages even where it is not felt as an affront. Your first object is, to strengthen her spirits for the task, and give her such assurance in herself as shall enable her to govern with a firm hand. I am obliged to confess that I have seen the case reversed: mothers absolutely alarmed at their governesses,—cold, and haughty, and distant, out of mere shyness, and an embarrassed consciousness of their

own deficiencies. Now, unless they have to deal with a woman of strong sense and quick penetration, this is fatal to all future good understanding.

"You are aware that the health and temper of your governess will greatly influence the happiness of the school-room: yet if the feeling of politeness and reserve on these delicate points be once overstepped, it might cause much mischief. Without assuming anything, without dictation or undue interference with personal feeling, it is in the power of a wise, considerate mother to make her general arrangements promote both health and good temper, which depend more on certain outward influences than we are apt to allow, particularly where others are concerned.

"The accommodations you give your governess will, of course, be in due proportion to your fortune and position. Let them be the best you *can* give. A large airy school-room is very essential, without luxury, but also without that look of bareness and vulgar discomfort I have occasionally met with. I recollect an instance in the family of a nobleman, as celebrated for his lavish expenditure as his wife for her airs and extravagance, and whose

house was one of the finest in London. You went up a back stair-case to a small set of rooms, with a confined gloomy aspect;—the study was barely furnished—a carpet faded and mended;—stiff backed chairs, as if invented for penance—a large table against the wall—the map of Europe, and the Stream of Time—a look of meanness, coldness, bareness, which would have chilled at once any woman accustomed to a *home*, or who had known the habits and accessaries of elegant life:—and out of a vulgar or inferior existence I presume you would not select a governess. Such a contrast is painful in the extreme, and we feel it ought not to be; if luxuries are here out of place, let there be at least comfort. To surround your governess with those little appliances which are felt more in the absence than the presence, with all that can lighten toil, and make confinement and dependence bearable, is a point of common benevolence and charity; it is also a matter of good-sense and calculation; for all that sustains the self-complacency and brightens the spirits of the governess will react on your children.

"I would warn you against allowing your chil-

dren to share the bed-room of the governess;—that it is a cruel invasion of *her* privacy in her only place of refuge, is not the only or the strongest reason against such an arrangement. There are others which will easily suggest themselves to the mind of a sensible mother. An experienced governess, who has the manners and habits of a lady, and who is in a position to stipulate for any thing, will always stipulate for her own room. It ought to be a matter of course, as most advisable on both sides; by want of thought on this point, I have known much mischief done, which could not afterwards be undone.

"It is presumed that you visit your children's study daily; not injudiciously to meddle, and dictate, and interrupt; but to encourage and to observe. If you are conscious of your own deficiencies, do not rashly interfere—you run the risk of exposing yourself before your children. If you are conscious of your own superiority, do not rashly interfere,—you risk the respect due to the governess. If there be any thing which calls for observation, or rectification, it should be noticed in the absence of the children, and with the utmost open-

ness. Such openness will produce openness on her part with regard to the reasons and motives of her management, and lead to an increase of mutual knowledge and mutual respect.

"But while recommending the utmost openness and truth in all that regards the duties of her situation, I would warn a mother against making her children's governess her confidante in any thing out of the sphere of this mutual relation. It may place *her* in a most embarrassing position, and *both* in a false position. It fills her mind with cares which interfere with the cheerful discharge of her duties; it keeps alive in her mind a craving for sympathy, which must cease to be a necessity to her. It is just possible that a mother may find in her children's governess a dear and intimate friend for life; but it is a case so exceptional, that it cannot be taken into account here. The peculiar nature of an intercourse so intimate, yet so limited, —a connexion so near, yet of necessity so *un*permanent; the difference of position, the consideration of hired service—for it is so—the inequalities of all kinds, render such a friendship hardly a natural one. There may be attachment, gratitude, esteem, only not *friendship*—as I understand the word. It

might be rendered possible by strong attraction of character, combined with peculiar circumstances; but on both sides had better be avoided than sought.

"Then it is very likely, after all, that some paragon of a governess, whom you thought yourself blessed in obtaining, may disappoint you on farther acquaintance. Faults, unfitnesses, incompatibilities, such as do not come out except in daily intercourse, distress, displease you;—you are perplexed, for some things are really *so* provoking! yet change is always *so* unpleasant, *so* inconvenient! You would willingly attempt to rectify what annoys you by argument, by representations, by discussion. But before you commit yourself by words, pause,—reflect a little. Is the fault one of importance? Is it a fault of temper or character, and such as may influence the temper and character of your child? Then do not hope that words or representations will mend the matter. You cannot alter a nature, nor do away with the habits of a life. The fault may be one which involves no reproach,—has nothing to do with the morals or general capabilities of the governess,—yet it may unfit her for the particular

circumstances of your family, and the particular ages and tempers of your children. Of secondary faults, the most intolerable, the most incurable, are uncertain temper, indolence, and the want of order; but it may be something of even far less importance. She is too yielding, or too harsh; too talkative, too taciturn; too sentimental, too cold; too caressing, too something or other;—in short, an uncongenial inmate: she had better go at once. Though unfitted for your family, she might be a treasure in another: you part willingly, and in no unfriendly spirit—but the sooner the better. On the other hand, the fault may be merely a deficiency. She may not be so profound a musician, nor so well versed in this or that branch of knowledge, as the quick talents of one or other of your children require; or it may be some little peculiarity of manner, some little eccentricity, such as one gets accustomed to in time. In these cases reflect before you speak; and unless the thing can be amended, and unless you have firmly resolved on the alternative of a change, do not speak at all. You can do no good, and you risk much mischief. It is much better, wiser, more true economy, to supply the deficiency by other instruction, or endure a

slight fault in habits and manners, than part with one in whose moral qualities you have confidence, and who has won the affections and respect of your children."

I turn now to the GOVERNESS; and I suppose myself in this, as in the former instance, addressing a feeling and an intelligent woman.

"You are in search of a situation as Governess, and deem yourself sufficiently prepared by study, and possessed of a fair share of the thousand qualifications usually required. If you are young, you probably set forth full of hope, of courage, and with such a lofty idea of the importance of the task you undertake, that you feel yourself uplifted, as it were, and bear the previous catechising pretty well. To *you* it is not the beginning of your career that will be the hardest or the saddest part of it.

"I have never in my life heard of a governess who was such by choice: and when you look about for a family in which to enter, not only you will not have the power to choose, but in all probability

your circumstances are such, that you will not have the power to refuse. Still an alternative may be possible. A family of high rank or great wealth, and a family of the middle class, offer advantages and disadvantages of various kinds, which may be more or less suitable to your character, temper, and previous education. In general, the higher the rank the greater will be the *courtesy* with which you are treated; such courtesy being ever in proportion to the wideness and impassibility of the distance which society has placed between you and your employer. In a family of high rank and place, you will have more solitude, but more independence: you will be shielded even by your state of proscription from petty affronts; but you will have neither companionship nor sympathy. In a family of the middle classes, even where the people are well-bred, you will be in a more ambiguous and a more difficult position. You will have more comforts and companionship than in a family of higher rank; but the discomforts inseparable from your position will come nearer to you, and in a form more disagreeable. On the whole, for a young governess who has yet to earn

her experience, a family in the middle classes is preferable.

"And now for the earning of this *experience*,—by which I do not mean experience in teaching, which is sure to come with, and only to come through, time and practice,—but experience in acting and endurance, which, if we can forestall on some points, it will be a saving of time and a saving of pain. Some hints, with regard to self-knowledge and self-management, will do more for you than all the guides, aids, and school-room appliances, that ever were invented or published.

"Probably the first difficulties you will have to encounter, will arise from pride;—pride under one of those deceptive names which it is apt to borrow occasionally, as 'self-respect,' 'dignity of mind,' 'proper pride,' and so forth: this you will have especially to guard against. If you come from a home where you have been of importance to the happiness of others, and where love has waited round your steps, you will be in danger of being a little sentimental and sensitive; silently reserved, if not touchy; apt to misconstrue words, and to repel

intended kindness, because it does not come in the form you like. Or if you have been 'educated for a governess,' as the phrase is, and have come from some 'Ladies' Seminary,' or fashionable boarding-school, your pride will be, perhaps, of the hedgehog kind, offensive and defensive, as if through a sort of bristling assumption you could protect yourself from apprehended insult. I think it quite possible that a young woman, who has otherwise both good sense and good feeling, might be in danger of falling into one or other of these extremes, according to the nature and previous circumstances. For, in a position in some respects so false, of which the exact duties, powers, and privileges, are altogether undefined by custom and opinion, and vary in every circle, self-guidance is very difficult. Natural good taste, and what is called *tact*, may do more for you than pride; yet both these, and as much pride into the bargain as might have set up half-a-dozen duchesses, have I seen distanced and confounded utterly, by the strangeness, and new, perplexing painfulness of the situation. Yes; I have known those who began this sort of life, not only with a spirit yet fresh and unbroken, but with the feeling that this so-

called *dependence* might be, in fact, independence—the means of honourable self-support; with trust in others, with strong faith in herself, and not without some enthusiastic notions of training the young minds intrusted to her to all good—even such a one have I known to bend, to break down completely, under the crushing influences which met her at the very outset, and for which she was in nowise prepared. After all, the best preparation is to look upon the occupation to which you are devoted (I was going to say *doomed*) as what it really is,—a state of endurance, dependence, daily thankless toil; to accept it as such courageously and meekly, because you must,—cheerfully, if you can;—and so make the best of it.

"You may reflect that there is no condition of life which, according to the spirit in which it is taken up, may not be worn as a crown,—that even for the governess there are some means of enjoyment, and some of improvement, if she know how to apply them. If you cannot derive strength and comfort from a religious feeling of the high import of your calling,—if you have not a mind seasoned to begin by enduring all things, and

requiring nothing,—it will go hard with you: in time you will be ground down to resignation; but in the process you will be a pitiable creature. If you are fond of children—and no woman who is not fond of children ought to be a governess—there will be pleasure and interest naturally growing out of your situation, which will lighten the burthen. If you consider your pupils merely as so much material put into your hands—potter's clay to be shaped by your labour—you are lost. If you cannot rise superior to your daily task, you will never be equal to it. The enigma that is given you to solve is this: 'What is it that goes to meet the sun backwards and never sees the light, but only its own dark shadow cast by the light?' —Solve it, or perish!

"Pride will not help you nor sustain you, but Truth will. In all the relations of life, as we are ready enough to acknowledge theoretically, truth is the best, the only foundation for peace, inward and outward; and it is one of the greatest evils of dependence, that it is scarcely compatible with perfect truth; for falsehood grows out of fear, for dissimulation follows on the absence of sym-

pathy. In this particular relation, a timid, or a sensitive and imaginative woman feels herself placed at such a disadvantage amid contending humours, domestic or merely school-room squabbles,—maternal and paternal prejudices, partialities, weaknesses, often jealousies,—between the love of peace and the risk of losing her daily bread, that she finds it a daily, hourly, effort to keep the straight path, and maintain unflinching truth; by truth I do not mean the absence of lying—*that* we suppose of course—but sincere, courageous openness in act and word, towards the children as towards their parents. The temptation to obliquity, the deterioration of character which gradually creeps on in consequence, cannot be calculated till the trial comes; therefore I warn those, who, before the trial comes, would scorn to deem such a falling-off possible.

"And next to truth, or rather as a part of truth, let me name Discretion—that perfect discretion and fidelity which you owe to those under whose roof you dwell. It is no matter what their conduct may be to you. Here *your* duty lies clear and absolute before you; and not merely while

under their roof, but when you have left it, and to all time, the same bond is on you, not to be violated without dishonour. When I have heard a woman babbling of the domestic affairs, or foibles, or peculiarities of those under whose roof she had lived, and whose bread she had eaten, I have felt a disgust no words could express. You are trusted, necessarily, as a physician is trusted, and indiscretion is not merely such, but treachery.

"There is also another form of discretion I would particularly recommend. Forbear to meddle with any thing going on in the family which does not lie strictly within your own department; let not curiosity, nor even a benevolent interest, tempt you beyond that barrier. The lady may be troubled with the *besoin de faire les confidences*—the gentleman may choose to make you the umpire in a conjugal dispute; be warned,—in no case is prudence more requisite: there is just the possibility that a sensible and experienced woman might do secret good, but the case is a rare one, and remains for ever a secret. The chances, on the other hand, are, that you do much mischief, and to yourself chiefly. This principle of non-interference may

be extended to all things out of your circle of duties; and all persons, as aunts, grandmothers, brothers, cousins. If you are obliged to see, hear and understand much, let it be with reluctant sense and sealed lips. Secrecy will not be a great burthen; for in such extraneous matters it is surprising how soon we forget that of which we do not allow ourselves to speak.

"And the same discretion and reserve, which I recommend with regard to others, I would have you maintain as regards yourself and your own concerns. Remember that you are not on equal terms with any one person under the same roof; and never let the sense of loneliness, or the craving for sympathy, tempt you into seeking a confidante from among those above you, or those below you; be content to give all, and to ask nothing, beyond punctuality in the payment of your salary: learn to live without sympathy, for you will not have it; and never be betrayed into undue familiarity; in this particular relation it is bad taste and vulgarity—it is also in the highest degree impolitic. At some moment, when you least expect it, '*on vous remettra à votre place,*' and you stand insulted

and defenceless. There is a Turkish proverb, which says, very truly, '*We* govern the unspoken word, but the spoken word governs *us*.' Lay it to heart!

"Health will be, at least ought to be, a primary consideration. Take care of your own health, for no one will take care of it for you; and health is for you the means of living. Among the greatest evils of dependence are forced exertion when the body is least fit for it—forced attention when the mind is least capable of it—a monotonous, and, in many respects, unnatural existence, at least to the young:—the results are the consequent loss of spirits, gradual failing of health, alternate excitement and depression of the nerves, suffering, for which the sufferer has no name. Now every one has a just horror of a nervous governess; complaints of the ill-health of governesses, as a class, are so common, one meets with them at every turn; and let the physician speak of what he knows!—he could make fearful revelations, if he dared, of the constitutions of young women ruined through fatigue, confinement, anxiety, in a sphere of life somewhat above those who make shirts, and

fit on finery. You love your pupils, are anxious for their progress, are interested in their amusements; you have patience with them, and tenderness for them; and yet the dizzying effect produced by the constant presence of animated, active, high-spirited children,—the dulling effect of the drudgery of elementary teaching, cannot be told, nor conceived, but by those who have endured it all. Then comes the evening, with its short time of rest—solitariness following upon disquiet; the sinking of the overstrung nerves, and all manner of suffering, such as tongue cannot speak, and which the sufferer herself cannot understand; but it must be understood, and it must be met as one of the consequences of her position. Some knowledge of the physical laws of your own being,—knowledge, which no one who has the care of children should be without—some judicious self-management will help you here. Many governesses ruin their health through their own neglect, ignorance, and weakness.

"An important, but seldom considered, help to cheerfulness, is the arrangement of your time. The importance of punctuality and order, as re-

gards your pupils, is beyond all calculation. Where there are children, if there be not order there is most fearful *dis*order. You know and you admit this with respect to them—think of it also as regards yourself. If you lose half an hour in the morning for want of energy to rise, you will be in a hurry of spirits during the rest of the day to redeem it, and then there will be still less of energy for the next day,—and so on through a chapter of ill consequences. The methodical arrangement and conscientious discharge of your daily duties will give that calmness to your mind and deportment which will help to preserve health. Procrastination, indolence, hurry, and unmethodical ways, are, in your position, most destructive. Then, with regard to your hours of solitary rest, you may remember and apply one-half of Johnson's precept, 'If you are solitary be not idle,'—(the other half you had best forget). It is difficult to make an effort with jaded spirits and weary frame—difficult to detach the mind from what has engrossed every faculty for twelve consecutive hours;—and the more of heart and soul you put into your task, the more difficult; yet the effort

must be made; and on your power to turn your mind and attention into a wholly different channel will depend the measure of relief.

"It is quite possible, with the most conscientious discharge of your duty to your pupils, to carry on some pursuit or study independent of them. There might be some jealousy on the part of a selfish or a thoughtless mother; and if so, it is best to meet all objections at once with an open explanation of your motives; and she must be very stupid, as well as very selfish and unthinking, if she do not feel the force of the appeal.

"The choice of a pursuit must be left to individual taste. Whatever it may be, let it not beguile you into late hours at night. Drawing, or the acquisition of a language, may be reckoned among the best. Needle-work is good; but leaves the thoughts too much at liberty: as a solitary occupation, it is apt to encourage the habit of reverie; and your object must be to avoid it. Reading is good; but should not be the sole pursuit. Be not tempted into a course of novel reading; a good work of fiction is such a charming *délassement* for the overworked mind, that there is danger that

such reading might become too engrossing; and then it involves a violation or a neglect of duty; and I suppose myself addressing a woman of principle, who would see such a mistake in its true light.

"But after months of continuous exertion there will come, perhaps, a distaste for reading, an inability to command your attention; a listlessness or deadness of spirit will creep over you; then, let not the mischief go on till it be too late; nor imagine that you can, by an effort of will, help yourself. Ask a short respite, and hope it will be granted, because it *ought* to be granted. A few days of change of scene and air is the best prescription; and if taken in time may prevent much and incurable mischief.

"I will venture to touch on two minor points, which concern yourself only, and are, I confess, points of some delicacy.

"Dress is of some consequence. A young inexperienced woman, without any particular fondness for ornament, is apt to dress too well, because of the position in which she is placed, and as a means of commanding respect from her inferiors.

A woman who has been long a governess, and is bent on saving money, is apt to fall into the opposite extreme. A sensible woman will avoid both these mistakes. There is a certain measure of good taste which is worth consideration. You can seldom be so fine as the lady's-maid, neither is it necessary:—perfect neatness, a simplicity, not without elegance, because dictated by the sense of propriety and natural good taste, will be found at once most lady-like and most economical.

"And this brings me to the last topic on which I will touch—economy. Whatever your salary may be, put by the half of it if you can; a third—a quarter—something, be it ever so little. It is too true that a governess, though she can always be economical, can seldom be provident: there is generally some sacred claim on her small resources; and the very circumstances which throw a young woman on her own exertions for support, generally throw upon her the care or maintenance of one or more members of her own family: there is some home whereto a few pounds being needful help,—a sister to put to school,—a mother to support,—a father's or a brother's debts to pay. The plea is hard to set aside; still, *if it be possible*, lay

by a part of your salary, even that you may not become a burthen on that overburthened home; and that, if a period of sickness arrive, or if an interval of rest be needful, you may not be forced either to continue exertion at the certain loss of power and health, or to appeal to charity, or to be wretched for the want of it. *If it be possible,* cultivate self-help in the midst of dependence." *

* It is with a sort of shuddering at the heart that I have written the above, and that I repeat—*If it be possible.* It is seldom so. Let any one refer to the cases of destitute governesses as they stand recorded on the books of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. Here are a few of them :—

"Is obliged to maintain an invalid sister, who has no one else to look to."—Cases 6, 31, 34, 78, 81, 83.

"Entirely impoverished by endeavouring to uphold her father's efforts in business."—Cases 8, 68, 92.

"Supported her mother for nearly twenty years."—Cases 52, 75, 97, 98.

"Incapable of taking another situation from extreme nervous excitement, caused by over-exertion and anxiety."—Cases 23, 53, 74.

"Her sight affected from over-exertion, never giving herself any rest, having a mother dependent on her."—Cases 18, 61, 89.

"Supports an aged mother."—Case 42.

"Had saved a little money, but lent it to a brother who failed."—Case 73.

"Supported both her aged parents, and three orphans of a widowed sister."—Case 65.

"Her father died leaving his family unprovided for, and they have been entirely supported by her exertions."—Case 25.

"Has helped to bring up seven younger brothers and sisters."—Case 58. "Helped

I have said nothing here of merely school-room duties; all the help that can be given by books or by written precept may be found in detail in various excellent works on education; the best of which are almost useless where there is not that good sense which ought to supersede them all. I

"Helped to support her mother and educate her sisters."—Case 56.

"Educated two younger sisters and a niece."—Case 51.

"Her only remaining parent still dependent on her."—Case 40.

"Supported both parents with the assistance of a sister."—Case 38.

"Had the entire support of both parents for nearly twenty years."—Case 30.

"Supported her mother for fourteen years."—Cases 21, 29.

"Devoted all her earnings to the education of her five nieces, who all became governesses."—Case 93.

"Saved nothing during twenty-six years of exertion, having supported her mother, three younger sisters and a brother, and educated the four."—Case 41.

"And," adds the reporter of these examples of feminine devotion, with equal truth and eloquence, "shall we call this '*improvidence*?' Shall she who has '*provided*' for the comfort in old age of her widowed mother, or her father, paralytic, imbecile, insane—Shall she, who has by self-sacrifice placed her sisters and brothers in the path of independence, and thus '*provided*' for their future prosperity—Shall she be told, that she ought first to have provided for *herself*? It is the peculiar character of Christianity to care for others rather than ourselves:—Shall it be a crime in the governess, that this is usually the very character of her life?"

have confined myself absolutely to the matter in hand,—the relative social position of the mother and the governess. Every one will acknowledge it to be one of great difficulty and discomfort; and for which there is no remedy to be looked for but in the general advance of society through the influence of enlightened Christianity; and for which, meanwhile, there is no amelioration to be hoped for but in individual effort, and in bringing as much as possible of conscience and benevolence to bear upon it on both sides. I have here done my best to bring the two parties to a better understanding, and so I leave them:—

"——— And trust the rest
To reason, virtue, time, and woman's breast!"

THE END.

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